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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXVIII No. 2196 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — FEBRUARY 21 1942

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Volume CLXVIII No. 2196 The SPHERE, London, February 21, 1942

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, February 21, 1942

THE FIRST SUBMARINE V.C. OF THE WAR: LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER M. D. WANKLYN, V.C., D.S.O., of H.M. Submarine "Upholder" (with beard) receiving the congratulations of his First Lieutenant—Lieut. J. R. Drummond, R.N.

On the evening of May 24, 1941, while on patrol off the coast of Sicily, Lieut.-Commander Wanklyn, of H.M. Submarine *Upholder*, sighted a south-bound enemy troop convoy, strongly escorted by destroyers. The failing light was such that observation by periscope could not be relied on, but a surface attack would have been easily seen. *Upholder's* listening gear was out of action. In spite of this severe handicap Lieut.-Commander Wanklyn closed in, although the whereabouts of the escorting destroyers could not be made out. Just as he was about to fire, *Upholder* only just avoided being rammed, but she went on to sink a large troopship. The enemy destroyers at once made a strong counter-attack, and in twenty minutes dropped thirty-seven depth-charges near the British submarine. Failure of his listening devices made it much harder for Lieut.-Commander Wanklyn to get away, but he eventually manœuvred *Upholder* until she was clear of the enemy and brought her back safely. Before this outstanding attack, and since being awarded the D.S.O., Lieut.-Commander Wanklyn had torpedoed a tanker and a merchant vessel. He has since continued to show the utmost bravery in the presence of the enemy. He has carried out his attacks on enemy vessels with skill and relentless determination, and has since sunk one destroyer, one U-boat, two troop transports of 19,500 tons each, one tanker and three supply ships. He has also probably destroyed by torpedoes one cruiser and one destroyer, and possibly hit another cruiser

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 129

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Patience in Adversity.—

The cards are against us in this particular hand which has been playing for many long, dark weeks. But this hand doesn't decide the rubber, and, more than that, we should be slow to cry out for a new deal. We were doing that, if you remember, in January. A period of adversity in war is the surest breeding-ground for general and particular criticism, during which "victims must be found" and demands will be made that heads must fall. Many of us doubted the value of incessant and costly raiding of the Nazi cruisers in Brest. When we heard of their sailing out of that port, we jumped to the conclusion that we were sound critics of Bomber Command policy. Let us remember our very partial knowledge of the full facts. We do not rightly know all the main reasons for the bombing of Brest. Let us abide our souls in patience and keep a curb on our tongues. Let us, for example, spare a word of praise for the naked honesty of communiqués issued by our naval and military H.Q. staffs. We fret over the Libyan reverse, and week after week, day after day, we heard (and it must surely have flattered our national character) no explanations, no excuses, no promised early restoration of the situation. And when the Brest warships broke out into the Channel and a running fight ensued, we received an "interim" report from the Admiralty no more window-dressed than was that first report of Jutland which read like a defeat. We may criticise the policy of publishing *any* details until full reports were received, but we contradict our own accepted national character for fortitude and dependability if we complain of the bald restraint and honesty of such interim reports from Headquarters. Rather let us take pride in the knowledge not only that we can take it, but that our fighting chiefs know that we can take it. Our democracy is based, and has taken its stand, on this very principle, the privilege of being instantly informed of the facts; good or bad. A privilege is a responsibility as well as a luxury. *Tu l'a voulu, Jean Boule.*

Does It Ever Stop ?—

These are dark days in the world of news. There is all too much news and most of it bad news for Britain. Let me recall to you the old story of the disgruntled tourist and the philosophic villager. TOURIST: "Does it *ever* stop raining in these parts?" VILLAGER: "Well, it always *has*, so far." That, I fear (or urge), must be our philosophy for much of 1942; and if our special correspondents and news-sleuths and M.P.s *can* restrain themselves from forcing out of our harassed generals and Ministers optimistic or boastful declarations that "the situation is well in hand," it will be the better for us all in the end. We must face disappointments, set-backs and delays with courage, calmness, faith and philosophy, realising that the fortunes of war have bitten off for us rather more than we can comfortably chew; and that only non-stop and all-out hard jaw-work can at last absorb the unwieldy mouthful. It always *has* stopped raining, so far, and I doubt not it will do so again. Let us be optimists-*cum*-realism. I know it is difficult. There are many "bear" points. None, I think, to-day strikes me as more depressing than the reminder that this coming November the U.S.A. will once more be in the throes of an election, an "off-year" election to reconstitute one-third of the Senate and all the House of Representatives. What that means in waste of vital energy through heady talk is already clear. The Isolationists are even now at work again on party lines seeking to disrupt American unity and to drive a wedge between Britain and the U.S.A. The asset and heirloom for which the democracies are fighting can be (and too often is in war) their heaviest and most grievous handicap on the road to victory. Talk, talk! Does it ever stop?

THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF LINCOLN: When Mr. John G. Winant, U.S. Ambassador, received the Honorary Freedom of the City of Lincoln the presentation took place in the Chapter House after a service had been held in historic Lincoln Cathedral. The actual Scroll of Freedom was placed in a twelfth century oak casket, silver lined. Mr. Winant was greatly impressed with the cathedral and other buildings of the ancient city and was immensely interested in the old-time costume of the King's Sergeant (Mr. G. H. Ellis). Above Mr. Winant is thanking Mr. Ellis for his welcome after the ceremony in the Chapter House; in the Ambassador's hands is the oak casket

Payment by Results.—

There are many significant differences between this war and any other in which we have engaged. Here is one which is becoming generally realised. Always war is waged "against odds," under appalling difficulties and handicaps, by both sides. It is never an exact science, it is an amateur's chancy dog-fight. But with us the stern rule which has hitherto applied to Ministers and war-leaders alike has been "payment by results." The leader who succeeded stayed and received honour and awards; the man who failed was kicked out *pour encourager les autres.* The difficulties were admitted, but might not be pleaded in full extenuation — until 1939. As a nation we hate victimisation as much as Mr. Churchill does; we loathed the constant ungummings of Mr. Lloyd George's war regime; but we accepted the grim principle of *payment by results*, partly because so few politicians or soldiers selected for high office ever gave us a hint that they humbly doubted their abilities to perform the jobs offered them. They accepted the place and the power with pleasure, as well as with (most desirable) confidence. It was often "rough justice," nevertheless. In no war we have ever fought on the grand scale could such "results" as Libya (1942), Singapore or the Channel battle (February 1942) have failed to produce victims and heads for the basket. I think that is certain. The British public to-day is writhing under the humiliation of the Channel failure, a naval occasion which instantly and quite illogically recalled the Armada. The courage of our "privateers" was as glorious as it was 350 years ago, but Lord Howard was not there. . . . No doubt there were many good reasons why he couldn't be. The point is that, up to 1939, those overwhelming excuses would not have been accepted as evidence in the grim Court of Justice which is public opinion in war. The individual must not be considered; the country alone counts. If the kennel-man can't bolt the fox from the drain, then for God's sake "let the Archdeacon have a try." In our democracy there is really no other way of testing our available ore deposit of talent for a possible war-winner. However grand the work they have done, however unjust to the individual their punishment, the Secretary for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty would not have survived the results of the last few months under conditions obtaining in any earlier war of this magnitude. This may be a good thing or a bad thing. Loyalty to colleagues is a noble virtue, victimisation is deplorable, swopping horses in mid-stream is reckoned risky. . . . I think we are thankful to know that moral courage in our Government and justice to the individual remain stronger forces than they have been in earlier wars. I merely state what I believe to be an historical fact.

How Long, O Lord?—

De Valera considers that this war will last seven years. Stalin thinks it may be over this autumn. The democratic leaders keep silence wisely, even from good words. And even Hitler has abandoned the luxury of optimistic prophecy. I myself heard from a woman who met a man whose sister's son, etc., etc., was in touch with the M.O.I., and who knew for a fact that hostilities would cease on December 9, 1943. There are, therefore, many choices, and a wide range of selection. Meanwhile, it isn't over yet, and there are many hard things which the peoples of the world must steel themselves to endure with fortitude. Bitter as are many of the physical sufferings, cold, hunger, torture, sleeplessness, overwork, and deprivation of all kinds, I am inclined to think that the mental afflictions may become the hardest to bear—it is astonishing how people can accustom themselves to endure physical suffering. But for how long, for instance, can a people, as bovine or ovine as the Germans, continue to endure the sermons of Dr. Goebbels? They have suffered non-stop Goebbels for years and years, during which time he has boxed the compass of human feelings and political opinions, and used up every reserve of fiction, drawn from the nursery and from the laboratory, from the history-books, and the fairy-tales, from politics and philosophy and economics. It is a marvel of endurance which this race has shown. (Do you remember how very soon we grew tired of Mr. Duff Cooper's moral dissertations and poetry readings? And those lasted only a few months.) In my opinion—a calm, dispassionate opinion formed in the third year of war—there is real danger in the practice of the Press and the B.B.C. of allocating their available space so much to war matters. Their answer is that they must give the public what it wants, and that it has few interests outside the war to-day. Even if that were true—which I doubt—it does not follow that it is good for the public to satisfy this appetite *ad nauseam.* The public may be like a greedy child which does not know what is good for it. The Press and the B.B.C are essentially trustees, and their trust is a very vital, national trust. But, just as the official or vulgar condemnation of any, even constructive, minority criticism of some aspect of our war effort very often takes the form of the cry of *defeatism*, so the plea for more attention to the permanent things (as opposed to the ephemeral, wartime topics) of civilisation meets with the answer that such now-irrelevant subjects divert our attention from the vital war jobs.

A Corner Turned.—

A note of hope and comfort is not unwelcome at any time. It is welcome enough now, when notes of another kind are all too plentiful in the news. The sun is coming back, the worst of winter is over. The crocuses are out, the chiff-chaff has returned and the nights are shorter. A man shaves again in daylight, to the sound of a chaffinch singing. Come, that 's something gained, if it be not permanent or material gain. I know well there is a type of "philosophic mind" which views a lovely day on a battlefield as no asset at all, but as an underlining of the tragedy and imbecility of war. A blue sky flecked with the smoke of shell-bursts, the thrush's song drowned by gun-fire. That view is understandable, but I do not hold it in this war at my battle station on the Home Front. I am concerned with two main objectives: to train Home Guards and to keep the roof over my family. And both these objects are infinitely more easy to achieve when the sun returns and the days draw out. It is tragic to reflect how many hours of vital training were lost by impassable roads, dark nights and icy cold, blizzards and fogs. It is comforting to lay aside one by one those innumerable winter chores—stoking, snow-shovelling, wood-cutting and so on—which are not constructive labour but mere burdens superimposed. In their place return essential duties—the garden to dig for food, H.G. schemes in the open air, and a dozen more activities which bear tangible fruit. And I for one find these activities more happily and successfully accomplished to the music of birds (which retain their customary sanity) and in the light of the sun (which is regaining its lost power). Come. Count your blessings.

Igloo.—

Life in rural England during several weeks of 1942 will be long remembered as a disagreeable experience. It was igloo life. For my part, I remained for a month immured at the foot of a precipitous concrete drive which had become a great glacier. The darkness of each day could be felt. No light, no sun, penetrated the constant murk. Indoors one shivered and laboured. Outside, in Arctic dress-fashions, one slithered and shovelled and stoked and scraped paths to the livestock, and sanded lifelines to essential objectives. Contact with the outside world was maintained by radio, and the news was usually very depressing as regards British arms. During this dismal spell, I reread (to fortify my soul) some Antarctic literature. Scott's Base-party lived such a life during the dark spell, when preparing for the Pole adventure. They were very comfortable inside their huts, which were well furnished with stoves and bunks, laboratories, libraries and workshops. They were well fed and kept intellectually alive. It is odd. I envied them. I believe that in most ways they passed that black time more comfortably than we did, and more happily. They had prepared for it. We had not; and we never do. To set against their amenities, I think we had only one which they lacked. We had the day's letters and wartime newspapers, which usually arrived some time or other. *They* could carry on essential work. It is lamentable to reflect how a spell of winter in southern England interrupts *our* essential work.

THE OLD STAGER

The Men who Attacked the GERMAN BATTLESHIPS

Fighter and Bomber Pilots and Naval Ratings After the Attacks in the Channel

(See next page for full story)

THE PILOTS OF A NEW ZEALAND FIGHTER SQUADRON WHO SHOT DOWN FOUR ENEMY AIRCRAFT IN THE FIGHTING OVER THE CHANNEL: This squadron sustained no losses themselves; but of the total air forces engaged in the pursuit of the "Scharnhorst" and "Gneisenau" we lost forty-two planes and the Germans fifteen

A BLENHEIM OBSERVER, who reported that he saw at least one of his bombs score a direct hit on a warship which he believed to be the "Gneisenau"

BOMBER PILOTS WHO TOOK PART IN THE BATTLE AND SCORED HITS ON THE ESCAPING GERMAN SHIPS: The Group Captain is in the centre (in overcoat); immediately on his right is the Wing Commander, who is only twenty-four years of age, and who holds the D.S.O. and D.F.C. These pilots all fly Blenheim aircraft. The picture was taken after the squadron's return from the action in the Channel

CAPTAIN J. P. WRIGHT, WITH MEMBERS OF THE CREW OF HIS DESTROYER, on their return to port after having taken a gallant part in the Channel action

RATINGS ABOARD H.M.S. "CAMPBELL," the destroyer which led the attack. One party claimed that two of their torpedoes hit the leading enemy warship

The ESCAPE of the GERMAN BATTLESHIPS

The Full Story of the Action in the Channel

AT about eleven o'clock on the morning of Thursday, February 12, R.A.F. aircraft brought the first news that an enemy squadron consisting of the battleships *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* and the cruiser *Prinz Eugen*, accompanied by destroyers, torpedo-boats, E-boats and minesweepers, was approaching the Dover Straits from the westward. The enemy squadron was also heavily escorted by fighter aircraft.

The three big warships had been for many months at Brest, and had there suffered innumerable bombing attacks from the R.A.F. Despite these, however, the vessels were still capable of a good turn of speed ; and it was soon obvious that they were determined to reach a German port—and by way of the English Channel.

When they were first sighted, the visibility varied from 3 to 5 miles, with low cloud, and the enemy ships were never visible from the English coast. On receipt of the report, coastal craft of the Dover Naval Command were immediately sent out to the attack, together with Swordfish aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm, strongly escorted by R.A.F. fighters.

The attacks both by Swordfish and by the coastal craft were pressed close home in the face of intense fire from all enemy surface vessels and opposition by enemy fighters. Reports indicate that the Swordfish scored at least one hit on one of the enemy heavy ships, and one of the motor torpedo-boats also claims a possible hit, but, owing to the intense barrage and a heavy smoke-screen put up by the enemy, it was impossible to see the result of the attacks.

During this time the Dover defences opened fire at extreme range, which was replied to by the enemy shore batteries on the French coast.

The enemy force was repeatedly attacked by aircraft of the Royal Air Force, strongly escorted by fighters. Results were difficult to see, owing to low cloud, but according to reports, Coastal Command Beauforts claimed hits with torpedoes, and Bomber Command crews are confident that each of the main enemy units was hit by bombs.

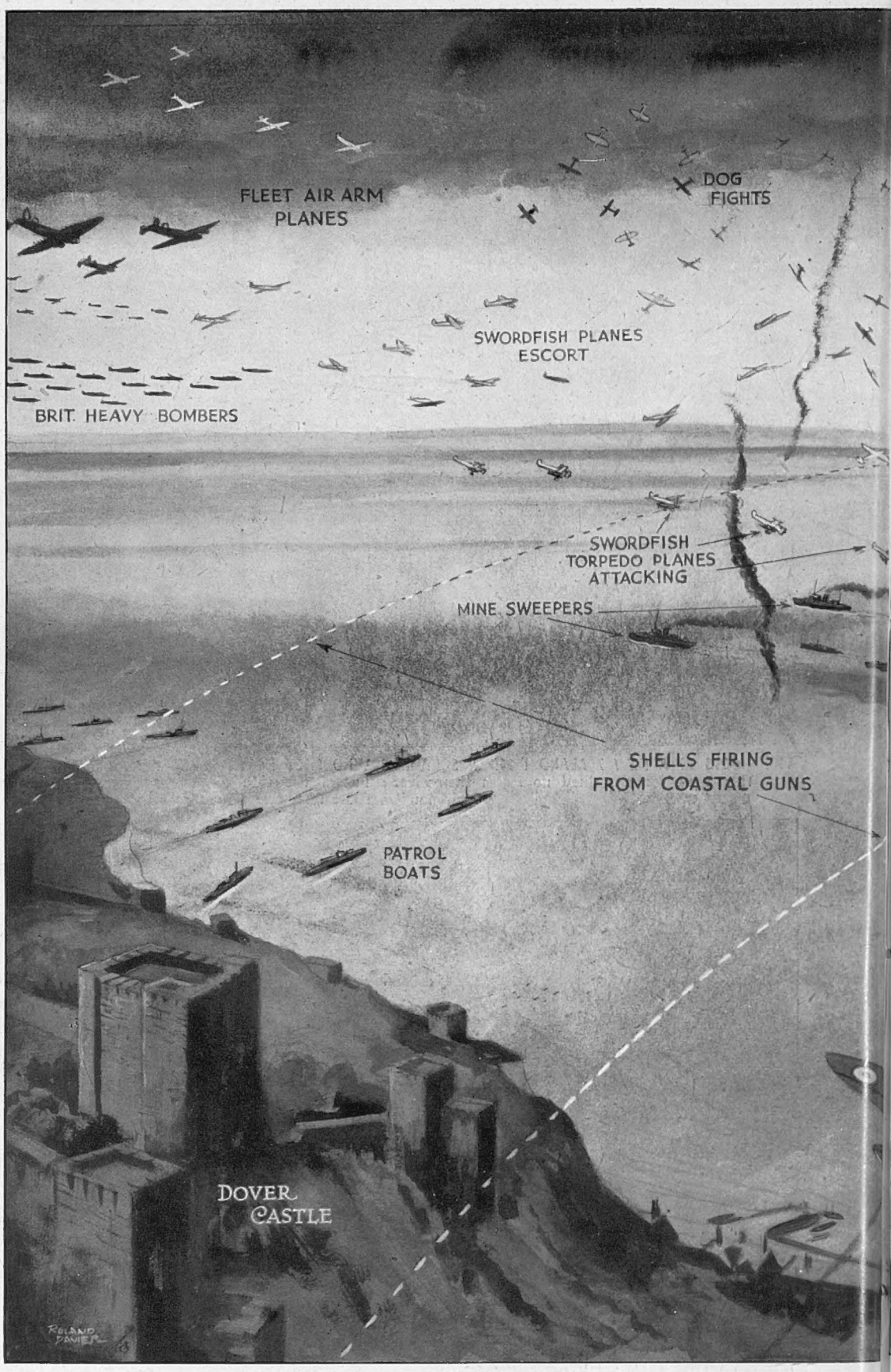
These attacks too, were pressed home with the greatest determination in the face of heavy anti-aircraft fire and strong fighter opposition, which resulted in the loss of twenty of our bombers and sixteen fighters. Fifteen enemy fighters were destroyed by our fighter escort, and at least three more by the bombers themselves.

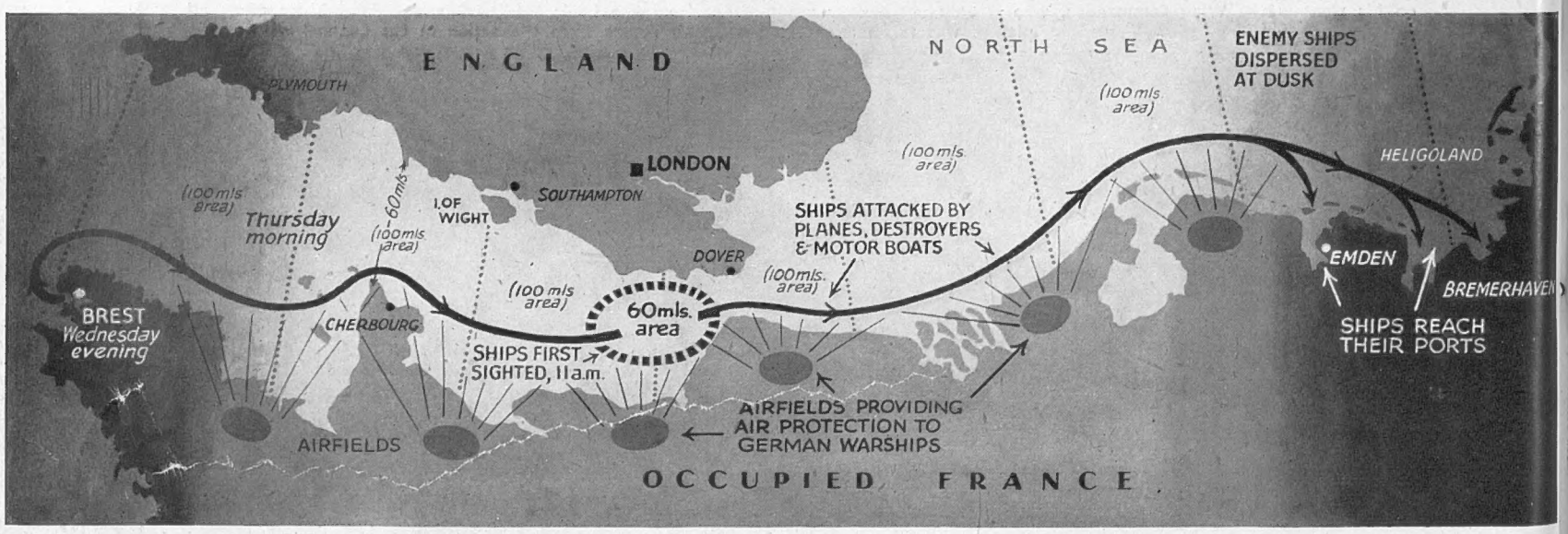
Destroyers under the command of Captain C. T. M. Pizey, R.N., in H.M.S. *Campbell*, also proceeded to intercept and attack the enemy. At 15.45 our destroyers sighted the enemy and went in to the attack in the face of a very heavy bombing by enemy aircraft and also heavy gunfire from all the enemy's surface ships. Our destroyers took advantage of a rain-squall to press their attack home.

Owing to the low visibility and the heavy fire to which the destroyers were subjected, it was not possible to be certain of the result of the attack, but there is reason to believe that at least one torpedo hit was obtained.

The first news of the whereabouts of the German battleships came, as previously stated, from two Spitfires of Fighter Command carrying out a shipping reconnaissance over the Channel. They were flying beneath low cloud when they sighted the battleships, with their attendant escort of destroyers and E-boats, steaming up the French coast between Berck and Le Touquet. They were almost immediately attacked by twelve Me. 109F's, and subjected to intense A.-A. fire from the ships, but they evaded the opposition and returned to base.

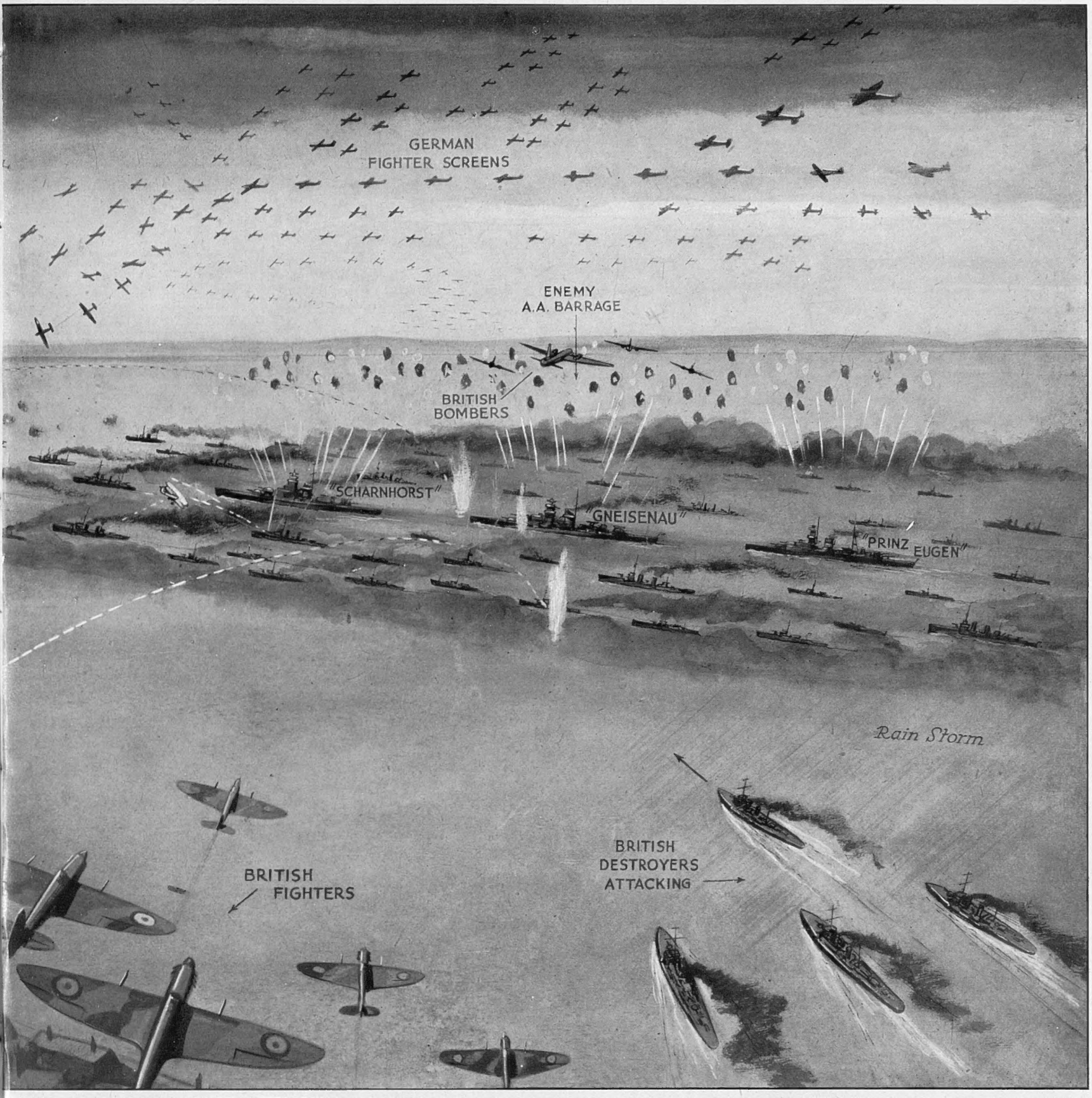
Within a short time, the first wave of the attack, a formation of torpedo-bombers with an escort





THE COURSE FOLLOWED BY THE GERMAN WARSHIPS IN THEIR DARING RUN FROM BREST TO A GERMAN PORT

The *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau* and *Prinz Eugen* had been confined to Brest for many months. During their enforced stay in this port, a constant watch was kept on them by aircraft of the Coastal Command. Nevertheless, on Wednesday evening (or so it is presumed) the two battleships and the 10,000-ton cruiser left the harbour of Brest and began their dash up-Channel, screened by the darkness and by the bad weather. It was not till they reached a point somewhere between Cherbourg and Dover that they were first spotted—by two Spitfires on shipping reconnaissance. Thereupon developed an action in which it was sought to delay the passage of the enemy to the eastwards. Aircraft in great numbers took part, and then destroyers, motor torpedo-boats and other craft. No capital ships of the Royal Navy could be brought to the scene of the action in time to participate : consequently the enemy warships were enabled to move off—again protected by the weather and their own swarms of aircraft (estimated at about 600)—and eventually to reach safety in a port in Germany



HOW THE CHANNEL BATTLE DEVELOPED BETWEEN THE BIG ENEMY FORMATION CENTRED AROUND THE TWO GERMAN BATTLESHIPS AND HEAVY CRUISER AND THE FORCE OF BRITISH DESTROYERS: both sides were supported by aircraft in great numbers—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

It is not claimed for this drawing that it is an accurate representation of the battle, but an attempt has here been made to show what happened during the action, and the relative dispositions of the forces engaged. The battle took place within range of the guns of the fortress of Dover: having been previously engaged by British aircraft since the morning, the enemy formation was engaged in the early afternoon by a destroyer force led by H.M.S. "Campbell," under the command of Captain C. T. M. Pizey. Apparently this was no ordered battle (in any case, so far as the naval forces were concerned, we were opposing capital ships with destroyers!), but a melee in which every ship and every aircraft fought individually and to the best of its ability. The full story of the action is given in the accompanying narrative

of fifty fighters, was on its way to the French coast. Fresh waves of fighters, together with bomb-carrying Hurricanes, followed at short intervals, and as the convoy cleared the Straits it was incessantly harried.

Hurricane and Spitfire squadrons kept up a series of almost continuous attacks on the escort vessels, firing and bombing at times almost from mast height, while above them other fighter squadrons engaged the strong formations of Me. 109's and Fw. 190's which formed a constant fighter screen above.

From shortly after 11 a.m. until nearly four o'clock in the afternoon, fighters were constantly in action over the convoy.

Bomber Command, too, sent a very powerful force of bombers of all types. But to most of the crews it was as if each bomber was out by itself. There was no pitched battle of aircraft in mass formation, and it is only from very many individual reports, each recording no more than a momentary glimpse of the engagement, that anything like a picture of the whole operation can be drawn.

Without the aid of weather that amounted to a vast and persistent smoke-screen, the Germans would not have moved the *Scharnhorst*, the *Gneisenau* and the *Prinz Eugen* through the English Channel. This was a necessary condition of the operation, and one that all the crews of Bomber Command had to accept. And so, for all the bombers which pursued the warships along the coast of France and the Low Countries, there began in the afternoon a search among the clouds above the sea, with rain or sleet drawing a curtain in front of the pilot as effectively as the clouds screened everything below.

In places, there were three distinct layers of cloud, none of which the bomb-aimers could see through as they waited, ready at any moment to release their bombs.

CAPTAIN J. P. WRIGHT, one of the destroyer captains who took part in the action under the command of Captain Pizey

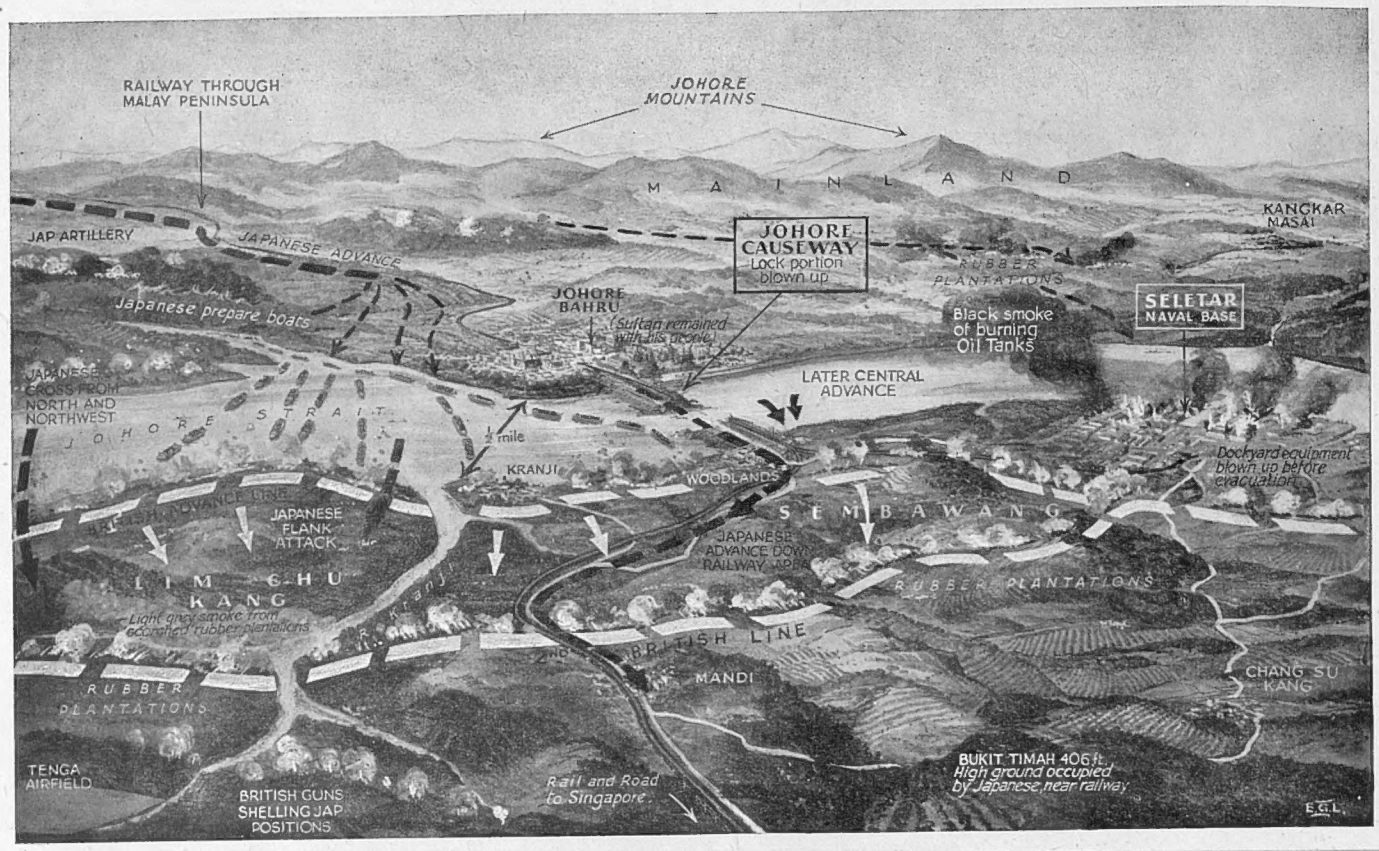
CAPTAIN CHARLES PIZEY, D.S.O., who commanded the destroyers from H.M.S. "Campbell." He received his D.S.O. only a few days ago

THE INVASION OF SINGAPORE ISLAND

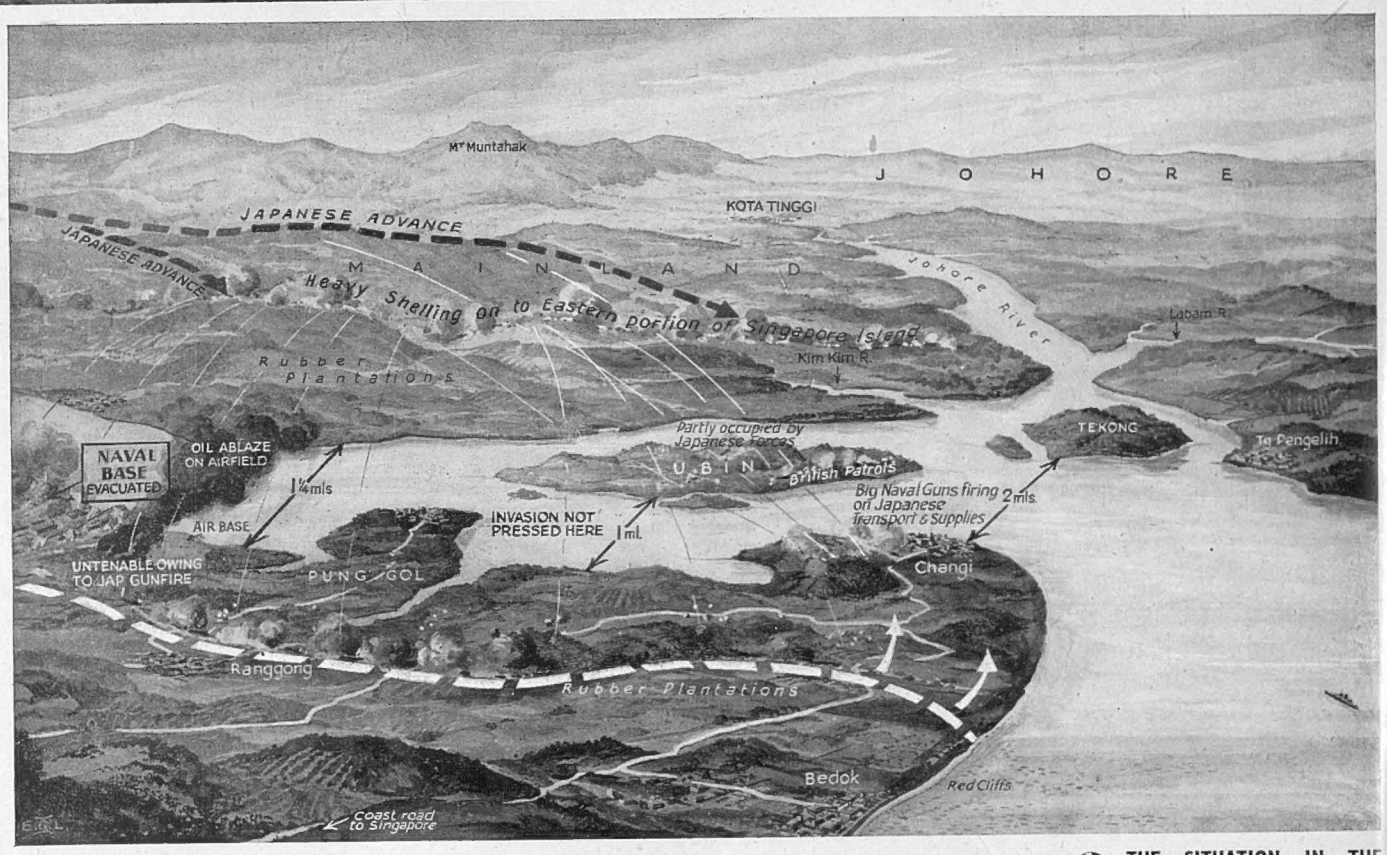
And the Stages by which It was Carried Out until the Island's Surrender

Special Sphere *Diagrams and Drawings*

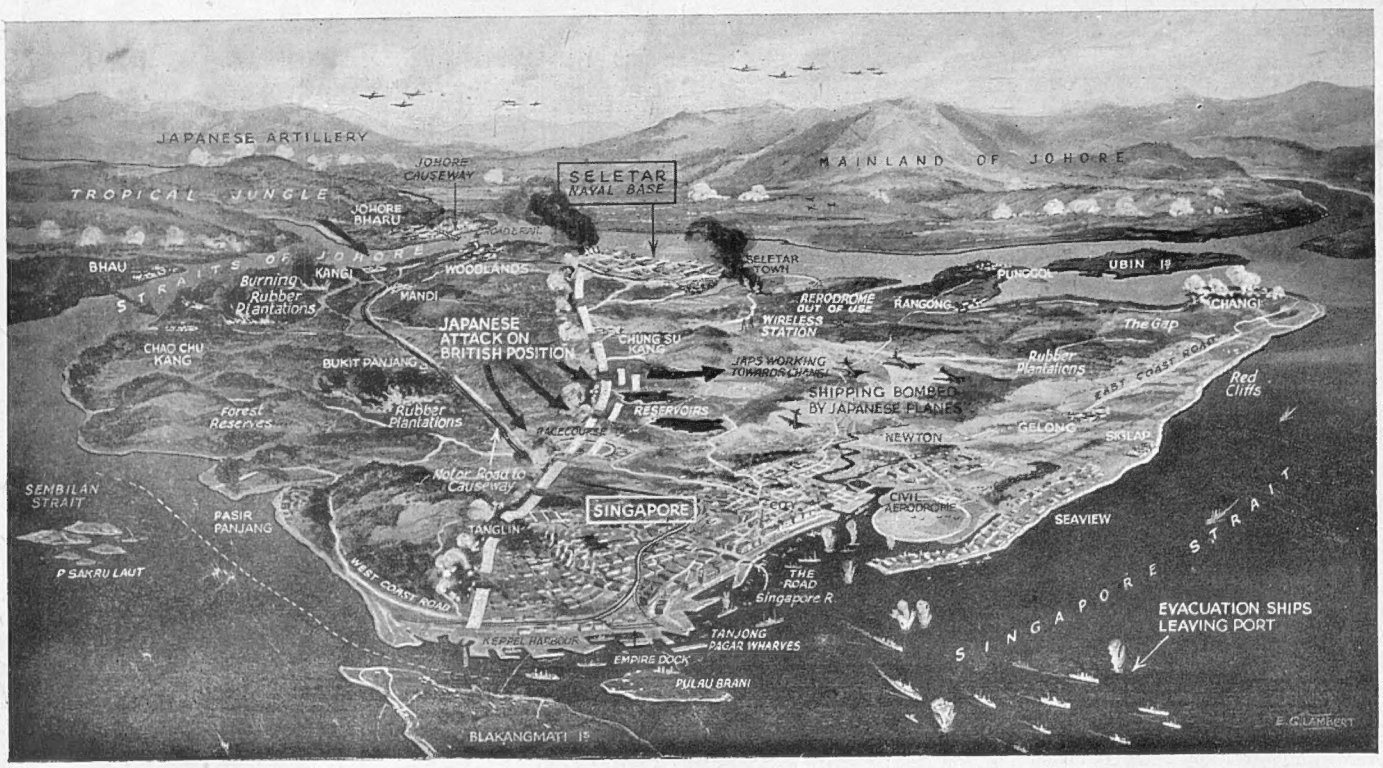
On left—With the main Japanese advance down the Malay Peninsula threatening both the north-west and the north-east portions of Singapore Island, it was difficult to decide where the real invasion was going to take place. The position was soon clarified when it was seen that the biggest concentrations were those on the north-west. Here the Strait of Johore is about half a mile wide : the Japanese crossed in small boats, making landings in the mangrove swamps and infiltrating through the first British line : it soon became evident that we could not hold the enemy along the coastline, and a second position was taken up, as indicated in the drawing on left. Later Tenga Aerodrome was occupied by the Japanese, and then they secured control of the Bukit Timah Peak, 406 ft. high, which overlooks Singapore City some five miles away. By this time, the Causeway—blown up by the British forces when they withdrew to the Island from the mainland—had been hastily repaired, and more Japanese troops came swarming down it



1. THE INVASION OF SINGAPORE ISLAND BEGINS : The main attack develops on the north-west of the Island across the Johore Strait (see notes on right)



On right—Coincident with the deployment of troops down the Malay Peninsula, other Japanese forces made as if to invade the Island from the north-east. The Island of Ubin, facing the big naval base at Seletar, was partly occupied by the enemy ; at one time it was thought that crossings would be made here too—as in the north-west. This did not eventuate, however. The naval base had to be evacuated, as by this time Jap gunfire had rendered it untenable ; but from Changi, to the east, big naval guns were still in control of the Strait, and were firing on Japanese transports and supply vessels. From Seletar down to the sea near Red Cliffs the British line ran as indicated on right. From the mainland the enemy maintained a heavy artillery fire on the eastern portion of the Island



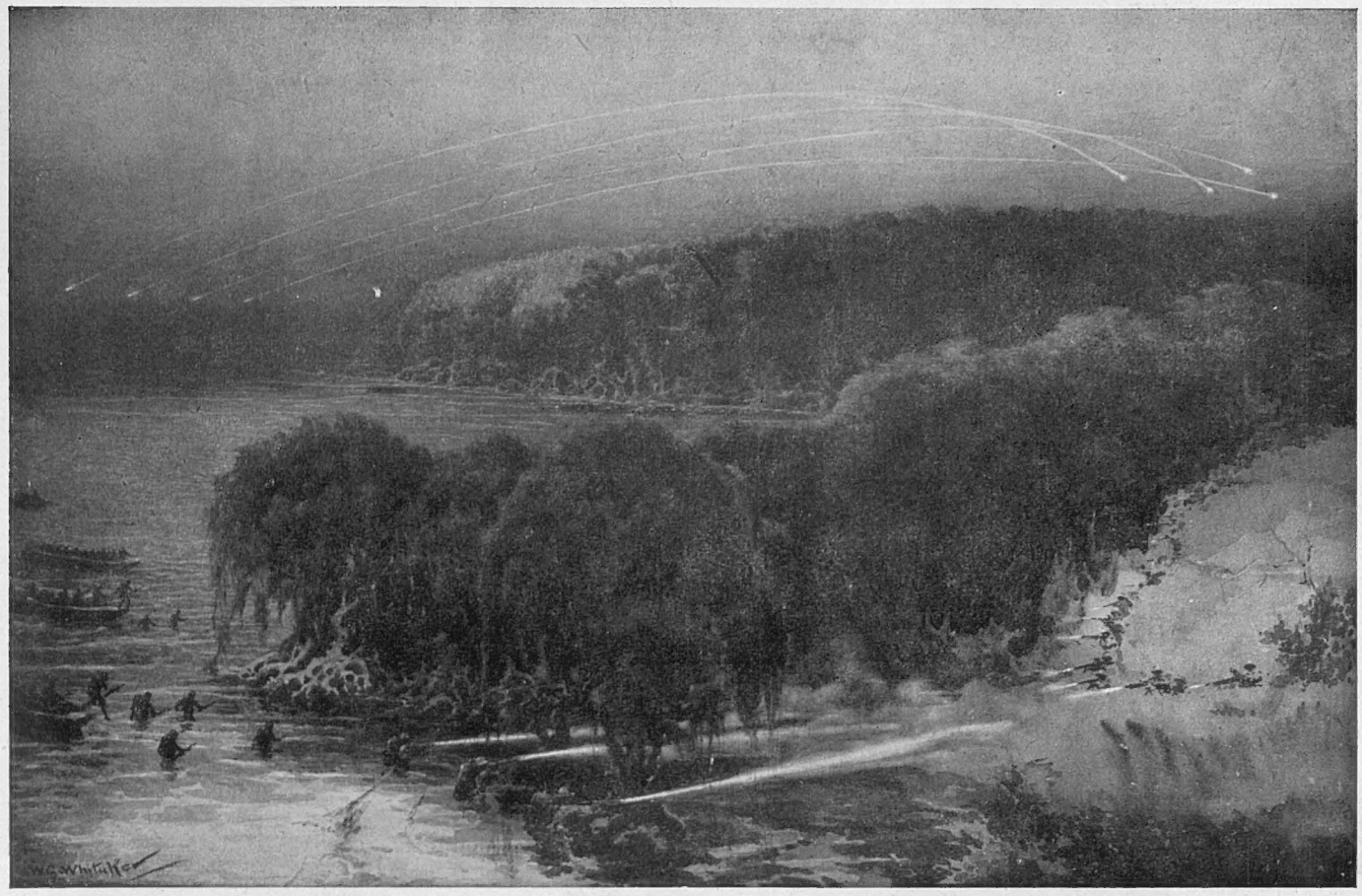
2. THE SITUATION IN THE NORTH-EAST OF THE ISLAND, and the evacuation of the great naval base at Seletar (see notes on left)

On left—

3. THE DEFENCE LINE ACROSS THE ISLAND : From the west of the city to the evacuated naval base—

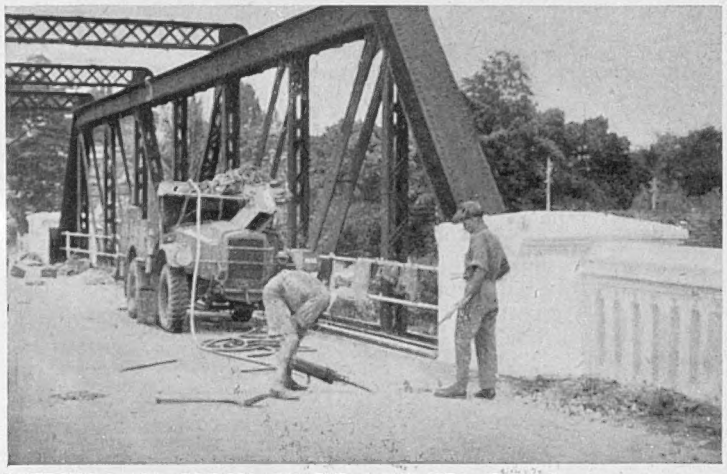
Drawings by E. G. Lambert

With the capture of Tenga Aerodrome and Bukit Timah Peak, a fresh line was necessary : the British defenders, therefore, decided to concentrate their main strength around the Racecourse and in front of the Reservoirs (the latter had now become a vitally strategic spot). The line ran from the west of the City of Singapore (despite, at this time, inaccurate enemy reports that they were in occupation of it), across the motor road to the Causeway, in front of the Reservoirs, to Seletar. Thus, the westward and northward portions of the Island were in Japanese hands, whilst we retained the eastern portion and part of the north-eastern. From the Johore mainland, and from the Island of Ubin, Japanese artillery were shelling our positions, whilst big naval guns mounted at Changi were replying to good effect, and also shelling shipping in the Strait. Whilst this fighting was going on by land, evacuation ships were hourly leaving Singapore with civilians and women and children ; these were continuously attacked by aircraft and by enemy naval units



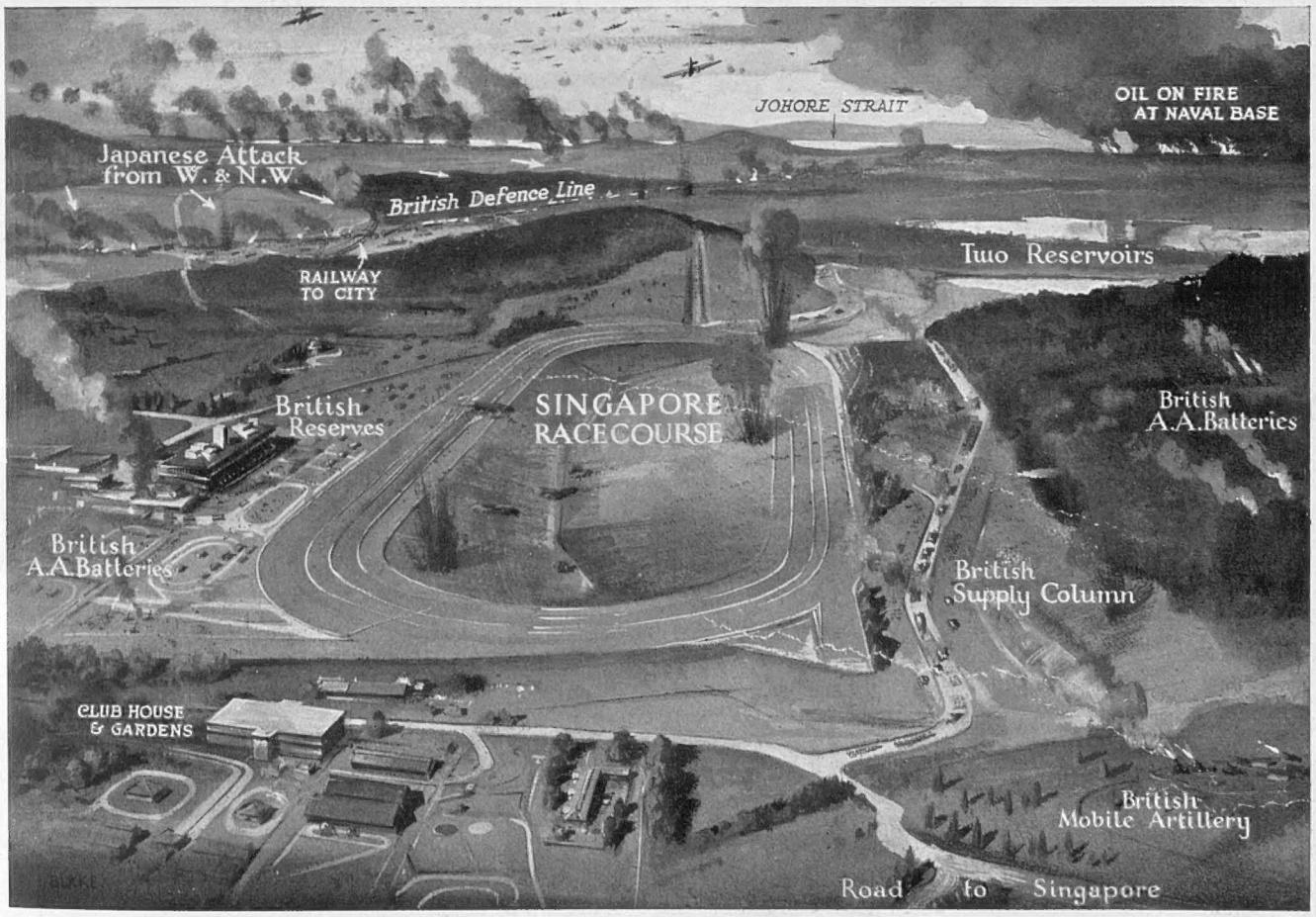
On left—In the north-western corner of Singapore Island, the distance across to the Johore mainland is from half a mile to a mile. Lining the shores in this region are thick, mangrove swamps which, it was thought, would deter the enemy from attempting landings at this point. They did not! From west of the broken Causeway, for some distance, thousands of Japanese troops swarmed across in small boats, pushing their way through the thick, tangled undergrowth and through the swamps, and infiltrating through our defence line—until it was necessary to reform on a line farther back. It has also been stated that special bodies of Japanese troops—trained for the task—actually swam across the Strait. It was in this locality that the Japanese brought their flame-throwers into action. Our lines in this area were only thinly held—necessarily so, as many positions had to be held, owing to the uncertainty as to where the main attack would be developed—consequently, there could have been little option for the local commanders but to withdraw to a new line

THE LANDINGS ON THE NORTH-WESTERN SHORES OF SINGAPORE ISLAND: Jap troops, with flame-throwers, wading through the mangrove swamps on the Strait of Johore—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*



DESTROYING THE BRIDGES ON THE MAINLAND: Preparing to destroy a bridge near Kuala Lumpur, before the withdrawal to Singapore Island

HOW THE JAPANESE ATTACK—a picture taken during the assault on Sarawak: After their landing at Miri, in Sarawak, huge flames confronted the Jap invaders; these were caused by the conflagration of a petroleum-field, set ablaze by the defence troops. The flames helped to delay the enemy for some time. Note the Jap officer on the right with his long Samurai sword



On left—**THE VITAL HEART OF SINGAPORE ISLAND: The Racecourse and the two Reservoirs**—*Drawing by F. D. Blake*

Lying to the north of Singapore City is the Racecourse; a short distance from the latter are the two Reservoirs which supply the city and its hundreds of thousands of inhabitants with their water. It is understood that alternative arrangements had been made to supply water to the defenders; but these arrangements apparently were not successful. One of the reasons given for the surrender was the loss of these Reservoirs to the Japs. Fierce fighting took place around this vital spot, the enemy making use of their aircraft to good effect—a support for their land operations which was denied to our own men

VICHY'S SUICIDE POLICY FOR THE FRENCH EMPIRE

The Melancholy Situation of a Darlan-Dominated "French Colonial Empire," which has Already been Parcelled Out Amongst the Three Axis Partners from the African Coast to the Pacific Islands

By FERDINAND TUOHY

GENERAL ARANDA'S claim to French Morocco is a pointer to what Vichy may expect on a far wider scale should the Axis, which it is helping, come out on top. It throws into relief a matter which has been left too long in the shadows—namely, Darlan's expectations from running at Hitler's heel, and what he would actually get from so doing. It is a matter to which the broadcasters of the Free Allies could with profit draw attention in a concerted effort to stop the French simplifying matters for the Axis through what is left to them of their Empire.

They should be informed, in detail, how Darlan's policy, if successful, will conduce to the suicide of France-Overseas, and they should be asked point-blank why the Free Allies or United Nations should be expected, if victorious, to re-create the French Empire as it was in early 1940 if the French who live in the bulk of that Empire not only do nothing to help us now, but actually make things easy for our enemies.

It is nonsense to say that the French in North Africa and elsewhere can't do anything about it. They could refuse to unload Axis supplies (as the French in France could refuse to load); they could pitch them into the sea or destroy them, just as they could sabotage transport and sail away their ships out of Darlan's clutches. The truth is that many French colonists and functionaries overseas are Fascists (de la Roque hoped to start his revolution in Algeria), but haven't got the wit to see that they came too late into the Fascist camp, *that they are French*, and that if they had set themselves to keep their Empire warm for handing over to others, they could not have adopted a surer method than the one they are practising.

The French in North Africa tell you, "We follow Pétain." Actually, they do nothing of the kind. Pétain is a Fascist veteran who wants a peace by negotiation and thinks he is playing his part towards it by repeating, chiefly for American consumption, that he will not re-enter the war on the Axis side and will not surrender the French Fleet. But this is all chat in the clouds. The facts are that he could never bring France to fight for Hitler.

As an hors-d'œuvre the Vichy-Empire French might be reminded that the man who is guiding their destinies is no new type in French history. Under the *ancien regime* political admirals managed to injure their country in no uncertain manner—a Conflans, a Duc de Chartres, a D'Estaing. "Land admirals" and "court admirals" with as much experience as Darlan, of command afloat in war. Nominated by the monarch even as Darlan was nominated by "I, Phillipe Pétain," they helped to lose France her first Empire even as Darlan is gravely endangering its successor.

Entering the little Admiral's skull, the promenade is simple. Darlan hates Britain and has contempt for the Americans, whose sympathies he knows, anyway, he has irretrievably lost. He will go to any length to get the British out of the Mediterranean, and hopes thereby to earn promotion to be Hitler's No. 1 Ally in room of Mussolini. French prestige there, thinks Darlan, will be valued by Hitler, whose brilliant colonial second France will become. France will lose Indo-China to Japan and Syria to Germany or Italy, but nothing more. The rest of the Axis meal will be taken from a floored Britain. The rest of the French Empire Darlan expects to conserve, together with all metropolitan France, save possibly parts of Alsace and Lorraine.

That Germany has already as good as annexed most territory lying east of a line drawn roughly from the mouth of the Somme to Bâle is a detail over which I shall pass rapidly, so as not to confuse a story directed solely to the French Empire.

Without a doubt, Abetz and company have jollied along Darlan's dream, though why any Frenchman in his right senses should believe Hitler to be capable of such magnanimity towards a race and country he hates and despises surpasses comprehension. Why, he 'd much prefer to have the British as partners for their having behaved so well to prostrate Germany.

No, the Axis victory for which Darlan strives so would bring a very different issue for the French Empire. Hitler in complete command of Europe and of the overseas projections of all European lands would think first of himself and next of those who first thought of him: Fascist Italy and Fascist Spain. With Japan and others intervening, the effect of Axis victory would much more likely be almost the extinction of the French Empire, which has already come apart in four separate shapes: Gaullist, Vichy, Lost, and Under Surveyance. But come and take a trip around this Empire, applying Axis victory as we go:

INDO-CHINA:

Five countries are included in Indo-China—Cochin China, Tonkin, Annam, Cambodia, Lao, with a joint population of over 20,000,000. At Saigon still sits a Vichy Admiral, Decoux, signing away anything the Japanese "ask." Decoux's latest effort has been to hand over local French shipping, a few warships included. Darlan has reduced the French of Indo-China to the status of Japanese puppets bereft of all dignity and, of course, a triumphant Axis would throw out the French for good and all; Japan would see to that.

FRENCH POSSESSIONS IN SOUTH SEAS AND PAICFIC:

The New Hebrides, New Caledonia and Tahiti chose de Gaulle, and Vichy has been manœuvring for them to be put for the duration under Japanese "protection," together with half-a-dozen other groups, including the Windward, Gambier and Marquesas Islands. Need one hesitate to write off the whole lot to Japan in the event of an Axis victory?

FRENCH COLONIES IN INDIA:

These are small enclaves in British territory, with a population of 280,000. If Britain were beaten, they would be absorbed in whatever became of India, and along with them Reunion Island in the Indian Ocean.

MADAGASCAR:

South Africa would have every right to make a bid for Madagascar in self-protection did Commonwealth defence cease to be, as Darlan hopes may be the case. Thousands of miles away, and for the same reason, Canada would be entitled to take over the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, so close to a vital part of her coastline.

MARTINIQUE, GUADELOUPE, FRENCH GUIANA:

The United States, which already exercises a close surveyance of these Vichy possessions in the Caribbean shield of the Panama Canal, would have no option but to annex them if ever faced by the extra-European consequences of an Axis victory.

FRENCH SOMALILAND:

To Italy. Mussolini would make no second error about taking Jibuti, maritime entrance to Ethiopia.

FRENCH WESTAFRICA, TOGOLAND, CAMEROONS, CHAD:

Hitler's main share of the French Empire if he won, including Dakar and Chad. There have been reports that Darlan has already agreed to give Germany back the mandated Cameroons and Togoland. But they wouldn't be nearly enough. The Germans know a good thing and they have long set their hearts on Senegal, with its commanding sweep over the South Atlantic, on parts of the Niger Valley and French Congo, and on the vital Lake Chad cross-roads. France might be left the burning wastes of Equatorial Africa.

SYRIA AND LEBANON:

The only part of the French Empire in respect of which Britain has taken guarantees for the future. And if Syria is as crucially situated as that, is it likely that Hitler would hand it back to France were he ever in a position to repartition the Near and Middle East? Italy has long wanted Syria, but Germany would probably take it.

TUNIS:

"Tunis! Corsica! Nice!" Remember those Italian cries, Darlan? The French could consider themselves lucky if under an Axis victory they were allowed to retain Corsica and Nice. As for Tunisia, its fate would be a foregone conclusion: Italy's principal share of the French Empire swag.

FRENCH MOROCCO:

General Aranda is a leading Spaniard of authority, and anyone who has followed the bent of Fascist Spain knows perfectly well that the claim he has made to Lyautey's modern Morocco is part and parcel of a *sub rosa* understanding with Hitler. Spain, a poor and restricted country, yearns for this rich "natural projection" on African soil, and the Germans have encouraged the Falange to consider itself the heir of French Morocco. The Germans there have not interfered in any way with the semi-official Unidad Maroqui working openly to this end. Hitler holds in the hollow of his hand the French banking groups which control French Morocco, and he requires no other leverage in order to pass the country over to Franco.

ALGERIA:

In all seriousness, this is the only important part of France-Overseas that I should care to bet upon as being likely to remain French property, did the Axis have the yea and nay of peace-making. This might be the corner Darlan would get for his pains, Algeria and the Sahara and its continuation: largely uninhabitable French Equatorial Africa. Nor would France's retention of all Algeria be assured, inasmuch as the Spanish claim extends to Oran, which was for three centuries Spanish.

There have been reports that a victorious Hitler would make over parts of British Africa to France in return for the French "agreeing" to a reparcelling out of their own Empire. What a hope! Hitler would be in no colonial-giving mood where the French were concerned, save to give orders regarding French "collaboration" in the building of his New African Order. Here and there the Tricolour might nominally fly, but under it Frenchmen would be working for the Swastika, working as go-betweens with the native population.

I know all this makes terribly painful reading for the Free French, but I strongly suspect they agree with its main lines. The Free French know that the French Empire was deceived and threatened into submission and, in the words of Hervé Alphand of the French National Committee in London, "We wish to see our Empire wrested bit by bit from Nazi control and once more participating in total war." The Free French know that the French people have received nothing—absolutely nothing—of the remotest comfort or use in return for the emasculation of their Empire, which would be utterly defenceless against a victorious Axis, for whom it is currently being conserved by an Admiral who has been fooled.

THE GERMANS IN OCCUPATION OF THE FRENCH CHANNEL COAST: This is the scene in a German battery emplacement on the coast of Occupied France. It was built under the general direction of the late Fritz Todt (killed a short while ago "on military duty on the Eastern Front" in an air crash). The men at the chess-table are naval gunners, whose quarters seem to have been fitted out with considerable care!

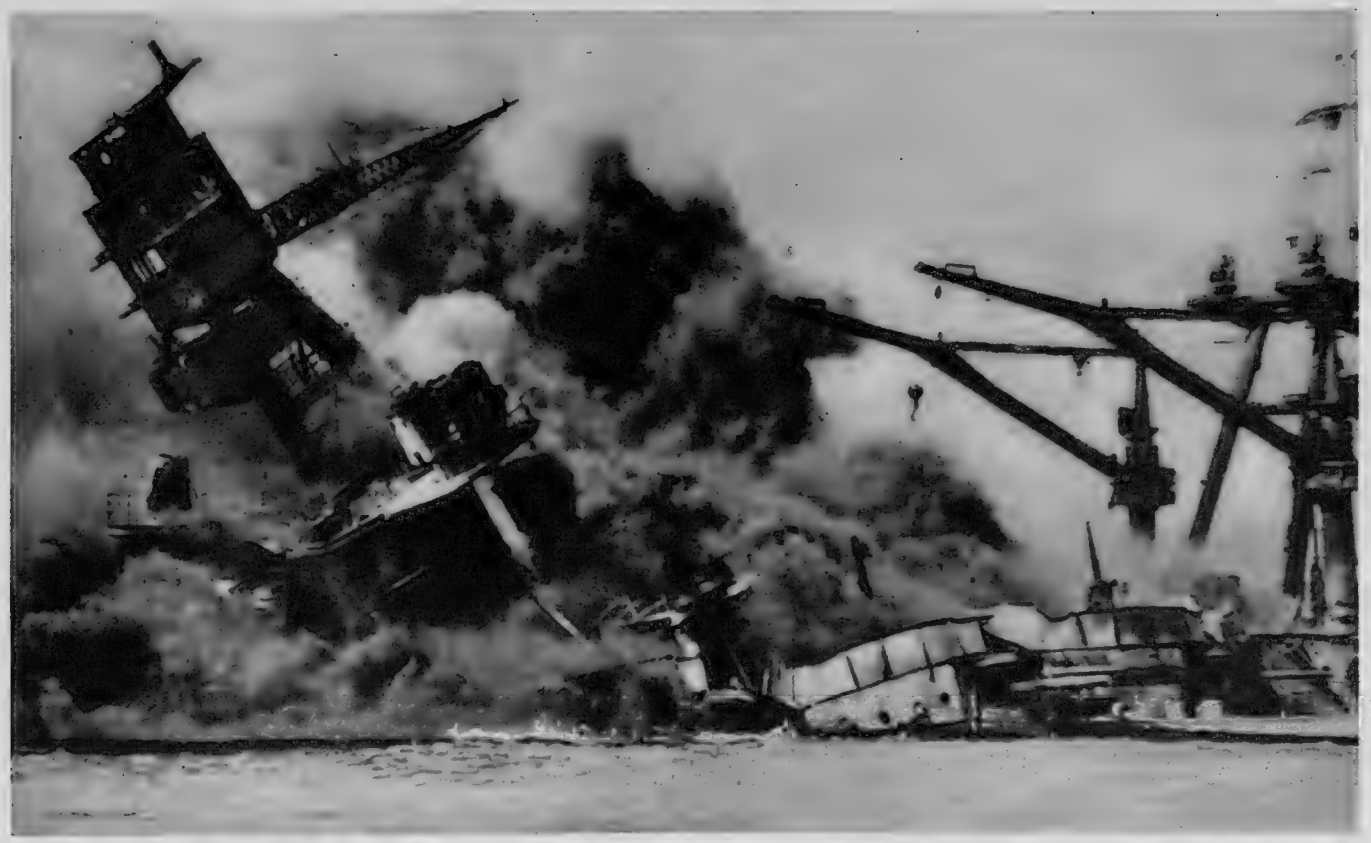
THE JAP ONSLAUGHT AT HAWAII

Battleships and Destroyers Sunk by the Attacking Aircraft

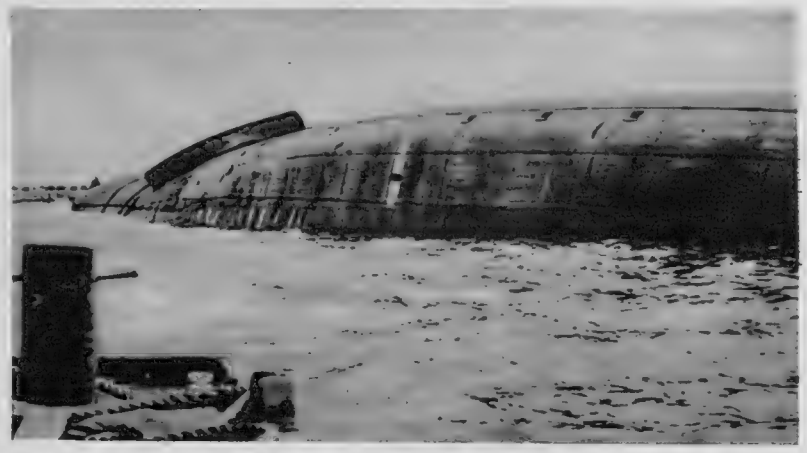
—Pictures just released by the U.S. Navy Department

The pictures on this page have just reached London from Hawaii; and all have been released for publication by the U.S. Navy Department. There has been no attempt in America to minimise the seriousness of the treacherous blow struck by the Japanese.

One battleship and five other warships were destroyed, and 2,729 naval officers were killed and another 656 wounded. The ratio of the dead was the heavier, according to Colonel Knox, because "some of the ships rolled over." The damage to the Fleet was below his anticipations; the casualties "exceeded his worst fears."



THE BATTLESHIP "ARIZONA," OF 32,600 TONS, crumpled and toppling, pours clouds of smoke into the air as she sinks under the Jap bombs: It was stated that a bomb passed down the smoke-stack of this capital ship, exploding the boiler and forward magazine. After she had settled on the bottom, only the ship's guns projected above the water, the control-tower leaned over at a perilous angle, and the remainder of her deck fittings were a mass of tangled scrap-iron. Colonel Knox, in his report, declared that the vessel was sunk through a "lucky hit." The *Arizona* was laid down in 1914, launched in June, 1915, and completed in October, 1916: later she underwent extensive reconstruction



HOW THE BATTLESHIP "OKLAHOMA" LAY IN THE MUD after capsizing at Pearl Harbour: This is the vessel which is to be raised and refitted, according to Colonel Knox, the U.S. Navy Secretary. Some of the ships which received bomb-hits "rolled over," and thus caused heavy loss of life. Apparently *Oklahoma* was one of these. She was launched in 1914, and completed in May, 1916; she had a displacement of 29,000 tons, and was sister to the U.S.S. *Nevada*

THE U.S.S. "UTAH" CAPSIZED IN THE HARBOUR: This is an old battleship of 19,800 tons displacement. She dates back to the year 1909; but during recent years had been employed as a wireless-controlled target-ship. According to Colonel Knox, the U.S. total losses were one battleship, three destroyers, a minelayer, and the *Utah*. The *Oklahoma*, which also capsized, is to be righted and repaired

Above—**THE DESTROYER "SHAW" AFTER SHE HAD RECEIVED A DIRECT HIT;** *Below*—**the same vessel blowing-up after her magazine had been hit:** *Shaw* was one of the three destroyers which were sunk, the other two being the *Cassin* and the *Downes*. She was of the same class and period as the last-named. In the above picture, defenders on the pier (on the left) can be discerned pouring water on the blazing wreckage. The spectacular picture below was taken as the destroyer's magazine blew up

THE DESTROYER "DOWNES" AS IT WAS LEFT AFTER THE ATTACK: A vessel of 1,500 tons, *Downes* was one of the newer destroyers of the U.S. Fleet: she was laid down in 1934, launched in 1936, and completed March, 1937. Her cost was about 3,500,000 dollars. *Downes* was armed with five 5-inch dual-purpose guns, and carried twelve 21-inch torpedo-tubes. She had a radius of action of 6,000 miles

The JAPANESE APPROACH to RANGOON

ONE OF THE UNIQUE FEATURES OF RANGOON: The University Buildings which border the Victoria Lake: Five miles from the centre of the city lies the Victoria Lake: on the margin of this are the buildings of Rangoon University—unique in the East—which form an estate of their own: the buildings, in fact, almost comprise a self-contained little town, and are the essence of modernity in a city of antiquity. The University was incorporated in 1920

A YACHTSMAN'S PARADISE AT MONKEY POINT: This lies at the very tip of Rangoon, where the city juts out at the point where the Rangoon River meets the Pagundaung Creek. Yachting is one of the sports to which the business man in Rangoon is addicted, and at the week-end—in peacetime, at any rate—the broad river is crowded with craft of many descriptions. The riverside docks and wharves are always filled with ships from all the world

RANGOON PREPARES FOR THE BOMB RAIDS: The first shock of air bombardment drove thousands of Burmans from the city into the jungle, but the shooting down of forty Japanese raiders in the first two bomb attacks caused a marked lull in the evacuations, and many of the natives have since returned to the city. The first air-raid shelters, seen above in the course of construction by native labourers, have been based on the London model

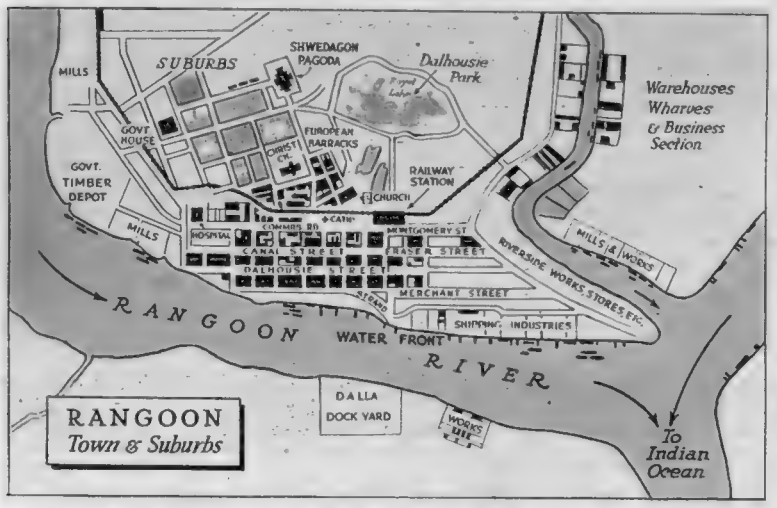
A BOMB-WRECKED STREET IN RANGOON, after one of the first Japanese air raids on the Burmese capital. The first attempts to raid the city by daylight were frustrated by American and British fighter pilots, who blasted the Japanese raiding forces out of the sky

NATIVE VICTIMS OF THE AIR RAIDS IN RANGOON: Burmese civilians, rendered homeless by Japanese air raiders, line up at a centre in the city for a free distribution of food

A TYPICAL NATIVE VILLAGE IN THE INVADED PORTION OF BURMA: Making full use of their occupation of complacent Siam, the Japanese have been pushing forward into Burma through villages and countries such as this, in the Shan Hills. The primitive nature of the villagers' life is no deterrent to the Japanese in their present campaign, as their own existence in Japan and Formosa is passed under similar conditions; and their own physical needs approximate to those of the frugal Burmans. So far, the difficult nature of the terrain has not proved an insuperable obstacle to the agile and vigorous Japs

THE FIRST JAPANESE AIR ATTACK ON RANGOON BY NIGHT WAS MADE WITH THE AID OF A BRILLIANT MOON : Here is an impression of the enemy bombers coming in over the world-famous Shwe Dagon Pagoda to the attack of the city—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The first Japanese night raid was carried out at midnight and in brilliant moonlight : the raid lasted for half an hour. As the aircraft came in, the golden domes of the world-famous Shwe Dagon Pagoda gleamed in the light of the moon, pointing the way to the aerodrome and dock districts close to the city for which the bombers were obviously bound. Anti-aircraft guns were soon in action ; but the bombs caused a few casualties and affected some of the native population. Relief measures on the London plan were soon inaugurated for the victims of the raids



RANGOON, the modern capital of Burma, lies at the junction of two rivers. Its main streets, Dalhousie and Canal, run in straight lines from east to west

THE GOVERNOR OF BURMA, Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith (formerly Minister of Agriculture in Britain), inspects the wreckage of one of the forty Japanese aircraft shot down by American and British pilots during the first two raids on Rangoon

Above—**A TYPICAL A.V.G. (American Volunteer Group) PILOT ; (*On right*) REFUELLING A TOMAHAWK OF THE A.V.G. IN RANGOON :** The American Volunteer Group was originally raised to assist the Chinese : the pilots of this organisation are now co-operating with the R.A.F. over Rangoon and Burma, and jointly they have been responsible for the great successes over the Japanese Air Force. The American pilots of the A.V.G. are paid by the Chinese Government at Chungking : in addition to a regular salary, they are also given a bonus of 500 dollars for every enemy plane they destroy. The aeroplanes they fly are "Lease-and-Lend" aircraft from the U.S.

The TACTICS of the TANK

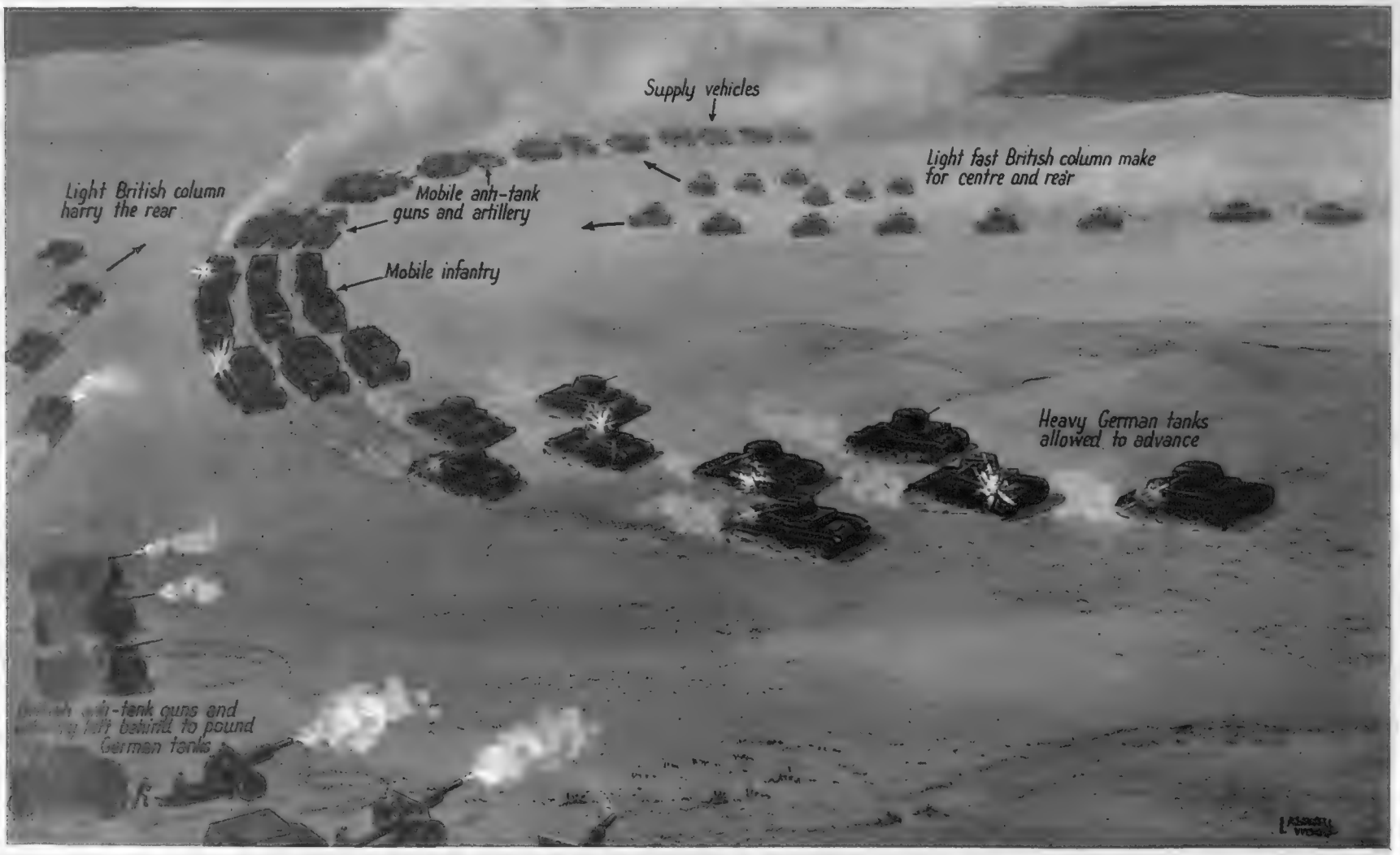
What is the Best Employment for the Armoured Fighting Vehicle of To-day?

Behind the present tank struggles there is only about five years' really practical experience. The prevalent theory is that tanks should replace heavy cavalry as an attacking and scouting arm, and that theory we evidently subscribe to, since we have demounted and mechanised our cavalry.

Recent events incline one to think that the theory has not been capable of perfect application. Now; if cavalry had one outstanding characteristic, it was freedom of action and independence of the supply train; ability to live off the country, in short. At various manœuvres since 1918 one has seen the tank doing its best to do the same thing—careering across country, charging ditches and breaking through woodlands. Yet, except in the Battle of France phase, one has looked in vain for evidence that the same liberty of action can be maintained under active service conditions. We have seen photographs of our own tanks rumbling triumphantly down the roads, with battered Axis tanks in the ditches. The Russians have shown their tanks doing the same thing, and the Germans flood the neutral Press with precisely similar pictures, except that the roles are reversed. But never very far distant from the roads. What has happened to the much-vaunted cross-country qualities of the armoured fighting vehicle?

On right—This vehicle is only lightly armoured, but it carries a 75-mm. gun across open country at 75 m.p.h. It is the invention of Mr. William Bigley, of Hoboken; and it has already been tested by U.S. Army officers

SOMETHING NEW IN TANK WARFARE: The "Tank destroyer," invented by an American, is here seen undergoing test by U.S. Army Ordnance officers in Virginia



TANK TACTICS IN THE DESERT: Attacking the vulnerable rear: This picture shows how light and fast British columns now attack a heavy German column from both sides. The enemy's rear and centre are attacked, whilst the heavy German tanks are allowed to advance, and then to come up against our waiting anti-tank guns and 25-pounder artillery—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

ONE OF THE U.S.-BUILT TANKS: This medium type has a typical lofty silhouette at the front: note the size of the big gun mounted on the right-hand side

No one denies that roads are important; one must hold them for supplies and communications. Moreover, the essence of war is speed, and 30 m.p.h. on the road is preferable to ploughing across country at 12 or 15. Yet there are certain deadly disadvantages. Secrecy of movement and surprise become virtually impossible: forces are liable to ambush and well-directed fire. Mines are bound to claim many victims, and one may not always have room to deploy in the face of sudden attack.

On the other hand, big cross-country tank sweeps are very prone to go awry. It is still true that a 10-ft. ditch will stop the biggest tank, and still true that a tank which becomes separated from its column, as some of them are certainly bound to do in such work, is almost certain to be picked off by a resolute enemy. No tank has a field of view or fire within less than 15 ft. of its turret. It must depend on its fellows from protection against such close attack, and failing such protection the finest tank ever built may become a prey to infantrymen armed with nothing better than their rifles and hand-grenades. Yet one is inclined to think that acceptance of these risks and a return to the policy of deep infiltration at any cost would pay better than recent policy.

A war of movement is nothing new. Naval warfare has never been anything else. And when the Navy speaks rather deprecatingly of a "soldier's battle" it means the flinging together of opposing fleets, virtually in review order, to hack at one another like Roman gladiators without any reasonable hope of either side being left with a decisive advantage at the end of the slaughter. One would like to see some of the speed and dash, the quick thrust and parry which marks, say, a destroyer attack on a convoy, introduced into tank warfare.

It will be said at once that no commander dare send his tanks off on such a marauding expedition as long as the enemy had any force of tanks with which to return the compliment. This is true, and the view is steadily gaining ground that to give the tanks back their power to behave like cavalry we must relieve them of the duty of being our first defence against the enemy's tanks.

E. J. Villiers

The TANK TRAVELS by ROAD

Despite the Popular Idea, the Heavy Vehicles Are Still Delicate Mechanisms—and They Must Stick to Firm Ground

THE essence of tank attack, as with cavalry, is deep infiltration into the enemy line, forming a series of "wedges." If strength can be concentrated at the tips of these wedges, one's opponent finds large bodies of his men trapped between the prongs of the advance. To save them, he must withdraw to the next line of vantage, this being the dismally familiar process known as "straightening the line." Huge areas of territory can thus be lost and won in very short time.

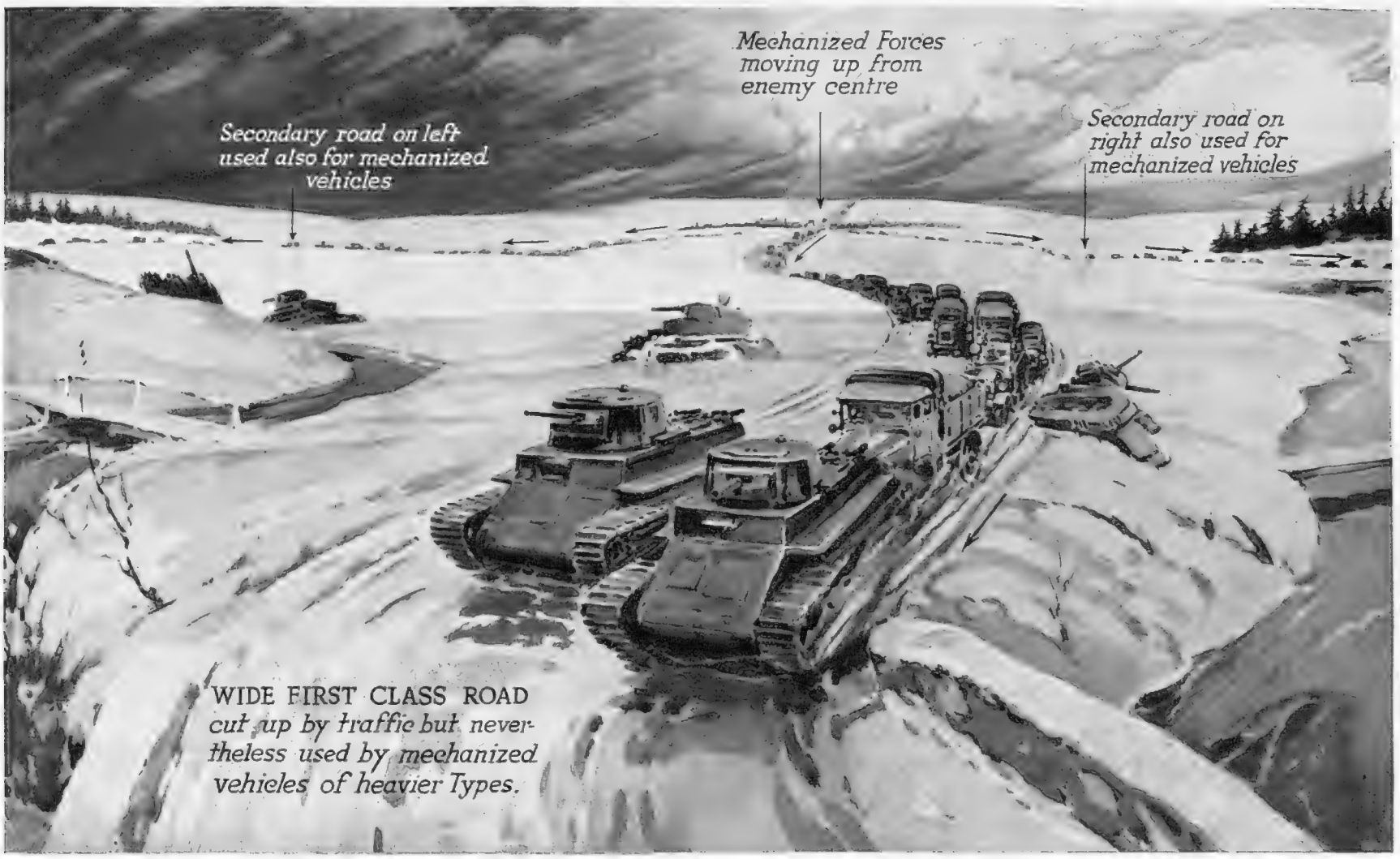
To carry out this policy, freedom of action is essential. If this is not possible, the strategy is strangled by having to cling to the roads. This was well exemplified in the attack on Moscow, which was developed as a three-pronged fork. Three names became familiar in the battle: Kalinin, which straddles the road from the north; Vyazma, on the road from the west; and Orel, on the important road to Kharkov and the south. Since the attack was only attempted along these three roads, the Russians were able to group their none-too-plentiful men, guns and planes about these three towns and so offered a local resistance far superior to that which they could have offered to general attacks over every mile of the front. Against them the Nazis battered in vain while the precious weeks slipped by until winter and British aid combined to tip the scales against them.

Much the same tale is true of Greece. Unfortunately, even here, the roads were frequent enough to enable the enemy to advance by one route when he was held on the other. Our men often had to retreat, not from inability to hold the enemy in front, but because the enemy had made headway on another road and was threatening to take them in the rear. The whole battle of North Greece was, in fact, lost in this way. To bring the case nearer home, suppose a successful invasion has been made, one force landing on the East Coast, and the other on the south. In the latter case, tanks have been landed from barges on the flat shores by Chichester and Pagham; they have circumvented Portsmouth, being piloted by fifth columnists through the outlying streets and are now speeding Londonwards up the main Portsmouth Road. Assisted by their own dive-bombers, they break through all road blocks, sweep on through Petersfield, and know no check until they reach the narrow, winding, deep-banked road that zigzags round the Punchbowl. Here the Home Guard and local military have blasted the road away at one of the bends, halfway down. The leading tanks are met by point-blank fire as they halt, and what a scene would then result! Yet if they were really capable of nosing their way across country, in the thickly-wooded southern landscape, they would set our defenders a puzzle indeed.

The fact is that the tank, though an important weapon, cannot be all things at once. It is only a machine, after all, and if we design its tracks to plough through hedge and ditch, then we cannot expect the same type to be a main-road speedster. Tremendous friction and heat are generated in the tracks: the effect is comparable to driving a car with the handbrake on, and it may use up to two gallons of petrol per mile. This, coupled with the very short period between refits, a matter of days only if much hard going is done, naturally predisposes commanders to favour the road attack, where, if all goes well, as it did in France, dazzling results may be won. The track is the Achilles' heel of the tank: it may be jammed by a pick-axe, broken by a grenade, or simply jammed by a half-brick. Spectacular, house-crumbling tactics are not favoured in practice: the consequences may be too serious. Up to now, the Axis appears to have concentrated on the main-road type. It might pay us handsomely to evolve a really genuine cross-country dreadnought.

E. J. V.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A MECHANISED VEHICLE LEAVES THE ROAD: A gun-carrier being extricated from a jungle morass at the approaches to Singapore



TANK TACTICS IN RUSSIA (and Europe generally): Mechanised forces must, in the main, keep to the main or secondary roads in preference to crossing rough country. If the latter is attempted, serious pile-ups occur and the forces involved cease to operate as a cohesive whole. When all is said and done, the tank is still a delicate machine!—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

WHEN HEAVY VEHICLES BREAK DOWN, they quite effectively jam all road traffic following them. This picture was taken in Russia

THE DEFENDERS OF MALTA

THE MILITARY LIFE OF THE ISLAND OF MALTA goes on without pause : Undergraduates "pass out" at the Royal University at the end of their vacation training

THE GOVERNOR TAKES THE SALUTE AT THE "PASSING-OUT" CEREMONY : Undergraduates of the Royal University at Malta undergo an intensive course of military training during their vacations. They return to their academic studies later, but some are commissioned in the Royal Malta Artillery, a very famous body. All the men are available for service during an emergency. These two pictures were taken during a recent "Passing-Out" ceremony, at which the undergraduates were inspected by the Governor of the Island, General Sir William Dobbie, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. Above, the Governor is seen taking the salute at the march-past

ONE OF THE DEFENCES OF MALTA : This boom-defence protects the harbour. It can, of course, be opened to permit the passage of ships when necessary. But, ordinarily, it is effective in preventing the entrance of submarines to points where they could wreak much damage

A BRITISH CONVOY ARRIVES AT MALTA and brings reinforcements and stores : Despite incessant air raids, and the constant menace which proximity to Italy implies, ships are still arriving safely at Malta, to re-provision it and to bring fresh troops. The pictures reproduced here illustrate the arrival of a recent convoy at the Grand Harbour, bringing supplies and reinforcements of men

On left—**FRESH BRITISH TROOPS COMING ASHORE after the safe arrival of the convoy in the Grand Harbour at Malta**

Above—**THE SCENE ON THE QUAYSIDE as the troops landed from the lighter**

THE DEFENDER OF THE PHILIPPINES AND CORREGIDOR, Lieut.-General Douglas MacArthur, America's national hero

THE EPIC STORY OF CORREGIDOR
—Guardian of Manila Bay

The U.S. Bastion in the Philippines, Which Has Held Out Under General MacArthur Against All Odds Since Last December

—Illustrated with special Sphere *Diagrams and Drawings*

IT will be recalled that after the Japanese had entered Manila City on January 2, General MacArthur succeeded in concentrating his forces on a line protecting the northern approaches to the Batan Peninsula, which, with Corregidor Island, form the western side of Manila Harbour. His line was, at first, of some considerable length, but the numerous attacks of the Japanese were thrown back with great vigour, and it was only after enemy reinforcements had come down from Lingayan that he withdrew gradually to a shorter line running across the peninsula from west to east. As General MacArthur had to rely solely upon supplies which he had brought with him and had already adroitly placed upon the peninsula in view of the situation in which he now found himself, such a decision seems to have been one of great tactical wisdom.

From time to time General MacArthur varied attack with defence, his forces breaking into the Japanese lines and securing valuable booty. It is probably due to General MacArthur's extensive knowledge of the local terrain—he has been connected with Manila and its surroundings almost continuously since 1935—that he was able to choose such excellent ground for maintaining defence against determined foes attacking him in greatly superior numbers. The actual ground he has been holding is rugged in character, the mountain sides being seamed with rocky gullies, almost every part of the area being covered with dense tropical vegetation. This comes down to the beaches in the manner characteristic of the Pacific island groups. There is almost invariably a flat, slightly shelving beach, which, if it is free from surf, presents no difficulties to boat-landing parties. A tropical forest ledge, however, provides cover for the defending forces.

General MacArthur has shown extraordinary intuition in determining where the enemy would attempt a landing. His guns have been there ready to meet the invaders. He has doubtless been aided in this delicate task of deciding the enemy's views, and receiving early intimation of such views being put into operation, by his preliminary work on the peninsula, for it is reported that he has many friendly eyes watching for him.

General MacArthur had to maintain his position without any external aid. His own lines, and those of the enemy, would probably have been almost completely invisible from the air, and there seems to have been no naval gun-running expeditions to either of his flanking points.

It was during the opening days of this month that General MacArthur's preparations were put to their full test. Meeting such a stiff resistance at the main northern defence line, where the American artillery did such excellent work, the enemy decided that this tiresome resistance must be broken down by a simultaneous attack on both the shore flanks of their enemy. Lieut.-General Nara's scheme was put into operation exactly as the month opened. The operations appear to have extended over a period of three days.

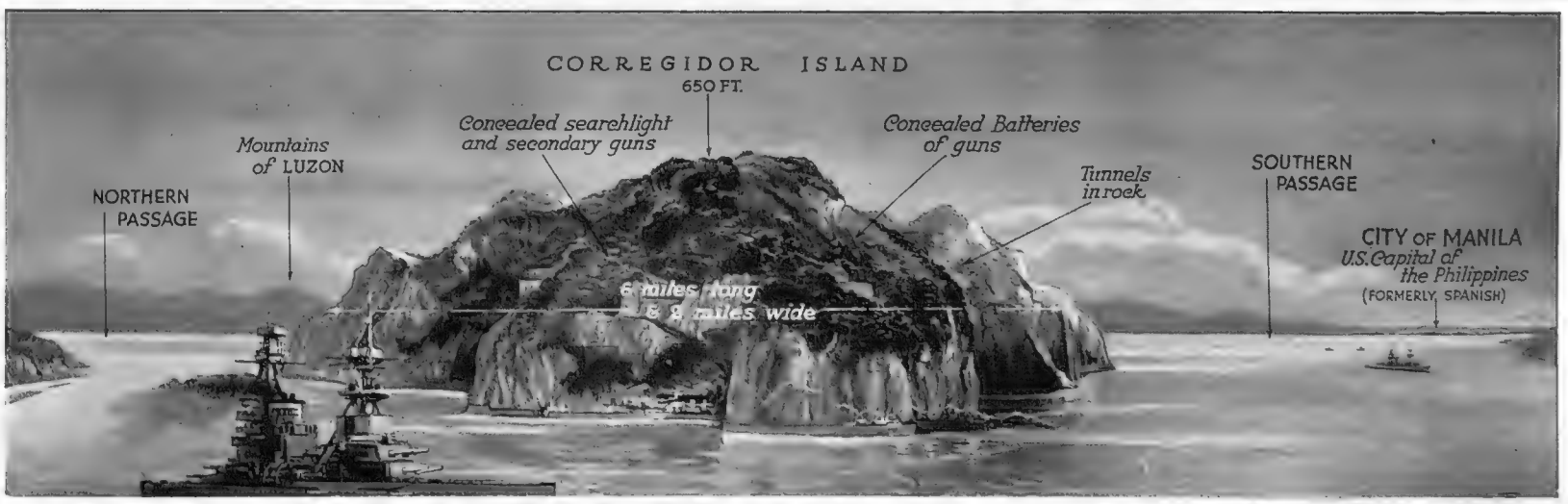
The first raid on the first evening came creeping down from the north through the gathering darkness. How far they were conveyed by transport vessels it is difficult to say. When the attacking forces were closer at hand they revealed themselves as a flotilla of specially constructed barges with metal-protected shields in the bows, each loaded to capacity with picked Japanese fighting men, together with an escort of light naval craft.

Somewhere about this time it was spotted by an American air patrol, who doubtless communicated the information immediately to General MacArthur. Resistance from the defending forces was at once forthcoming, but certain boat-loads succeeded in lowering their screens and rushing the beaches, on the white surfaces of which they would be plainly visible in the moonlight. Those who penetrated into the bush were met by a savage mortar and artillery fire, and forced back to the beaches, where crowding to their barges they afforded good targets for the defence gunners.

A lull ensued, to be broken at midnight; but this too ended as disastrously, as the first barges were hit and actually set on fire.

At the same time the enemy were attacking the eastern end of the peninsula, at positions south of Pilar, the boats evidently coming from some inner part of Manila Harbour. These Japanese attempts were also bloodily repulsed, and when dawn came the defenders could see the smoke rising from still burning barges. Not a single Japanese remained on either shore as the result of this joint attack, on the successful issue of which the Japanese had placed great confidence.

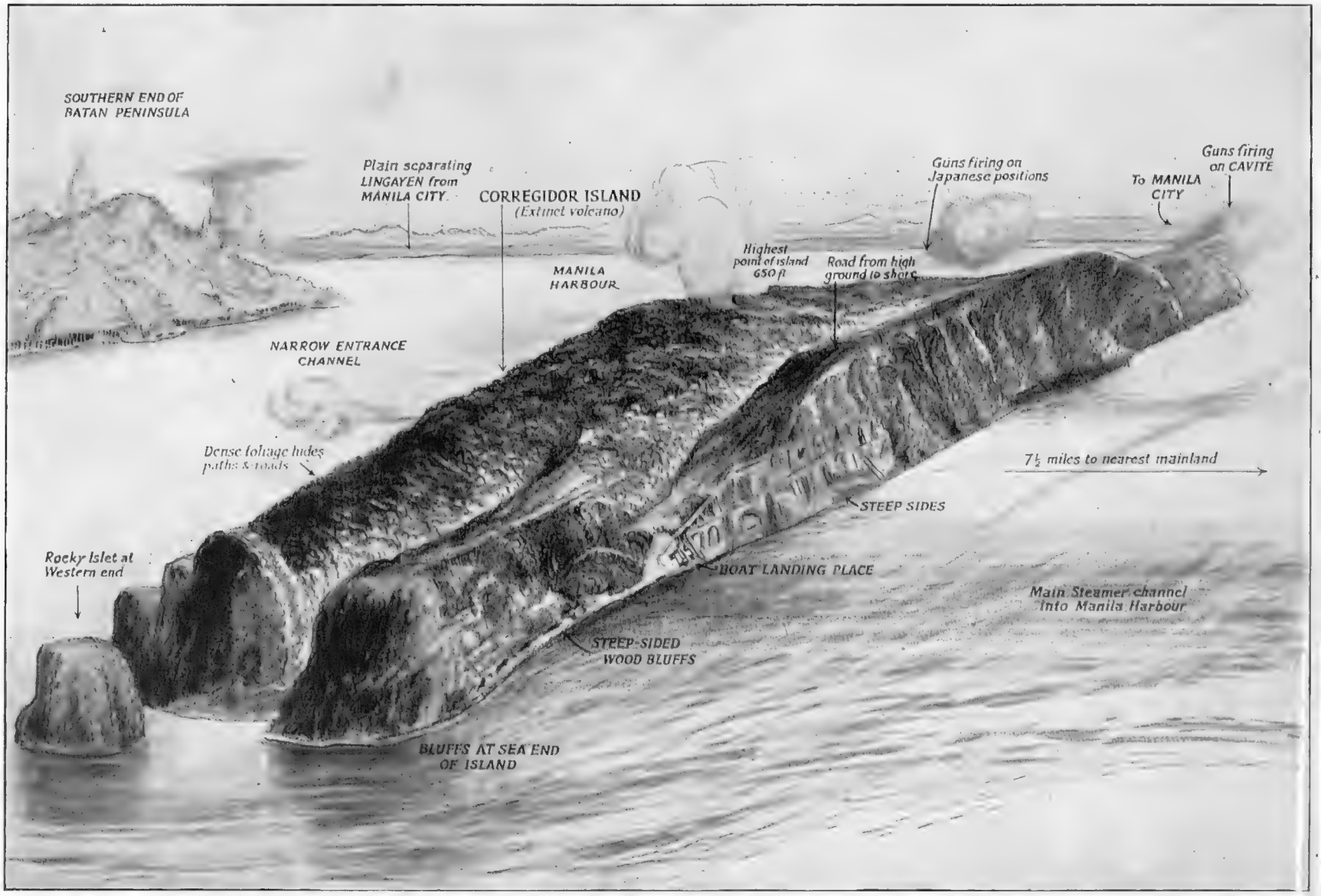
General MacArthur was born into the U.S. Army—at an Army post in Arkansas—the son of Lieut.-General Arthur MacArthur, who came to be Military Governor of the Philippines forty years before his son followed him in a similar role. In 1899 the young MacArthur entered West Point: he witnessed the Russo-Japanese War in 1905, and in the war of 1914-18 was in command of the "Rainbow Division." He was wounded twice, gassed once, received thirteen decorations for gallantry under fire, seven citations for extraordinary valour, and twenty-four decorations from foreign Governments. After the war he became the youngest Superintendent in the history of West Point, eventually taking over the defence of the Philippines in 1935. Retiring at the end of 1937, General MacArthur was recalled in the summer of 1941, and in July of that year was named Lieutenant-General in command of the U.S. Army Forces in the Far East. His resolute and successful defence of part of the Philippines since the outbreak of the war with Japan is now history



HOW CORREGIDOR ISLAND BLOCKS THE ENTRANCE TO MANILA BAY: An end-on view of the fortress—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

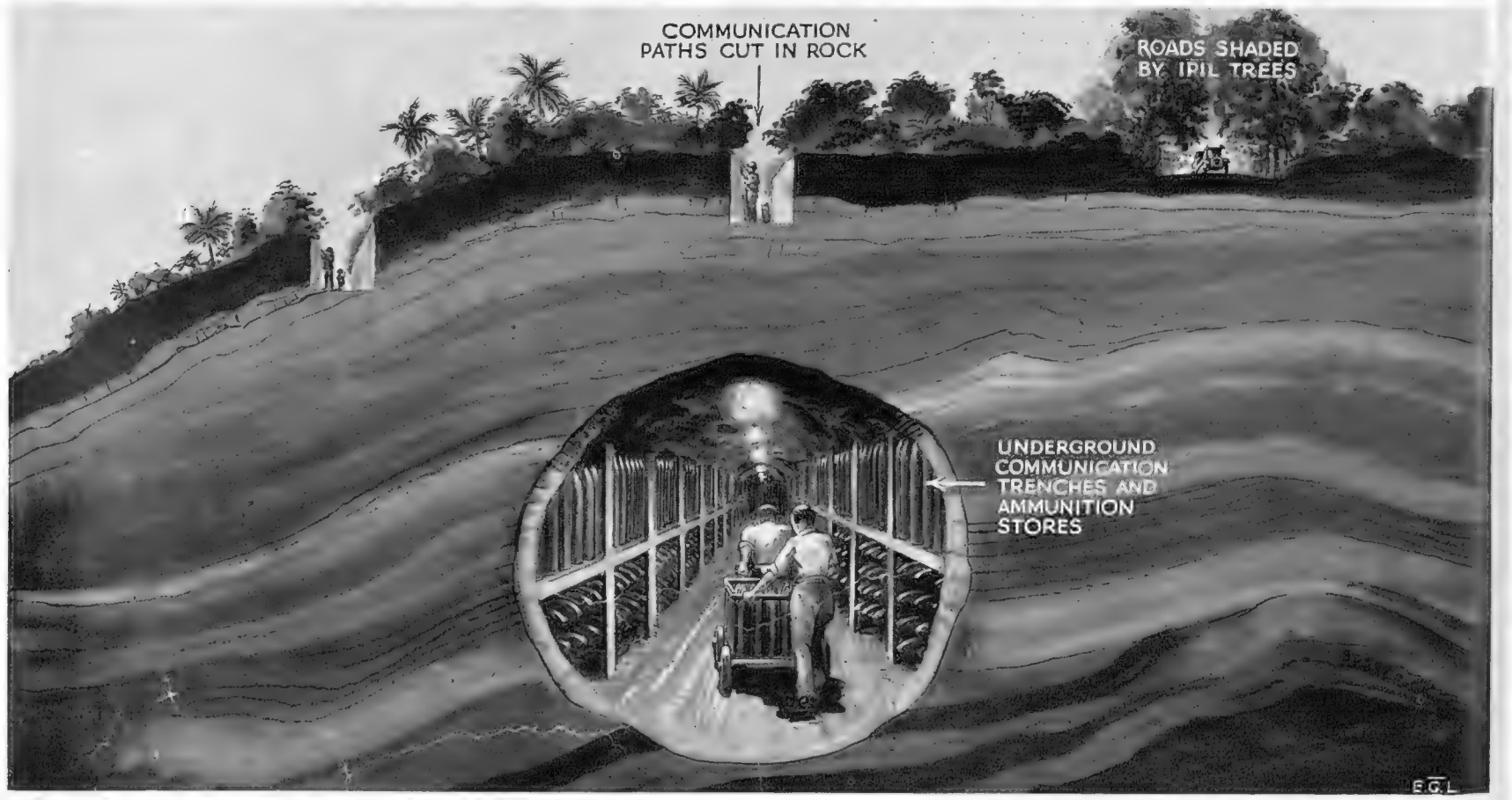
The importance of Corregidor lies in the fact that it commands Manila Bay and the City of Manila: the island is six miles long and two miles wide, and the passage into the Bay is by two channels lying on each side. It has been stated that the Island's rocky terracing is as thickly honeycombed with defence works as is Gibraltar. A further and more detailed drawing of Corregidor will be found on the following page; together with an exposition of how the defence of the Batan Peninsula by General MacArthur has been supported by the huge guns of this "Gibraltar of the Far East." The small map above shows the general relation of Corregidor and Manila Bay to the rest of the Philippine group of islands

THE EPIC STORY OF CORREGIDOR—*(continued)*



A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE FORTRESS ISLAND OF CORREGIDOR, which lies at the entrance to Manila Bay, and which has been playing such a large part in the American defence of the island of Luzon in the Philippine group—*Drawing by Percy Home*

Lying right at the entrance to Manila Bay, and commanding the whole of the surrounding area by its heavy guns, Corregidor Island has played a considerable part in the defence of the Batan Peninsula, where General MacArthur's remaining American and Filipino forces are now concentrated on Luzon. A short while ago the Japanese were discovered to be preparing an invasion by boat on the southern shore of the harbour : but this proved to be within range of the guns on Corregidor. The defenders thereupon proceeded to pound boats and barges into very small pieces. Corregidor Island has been bombed by the Japanese from the air ; but it is probable that it has suffered small damage, as all military communications and roads are cut into the rocks : the roads, in fact, are rendered almost invisible to observers above by the foliage of ipil trees—a tall, hardwood variety which is to be found throughout the whole of the Philippine group of islands. Corregidor is long and narrow, about three times as long as it is broad : it does not give the impression of being an extinct volcano, but this is so. The side of the island facing the Boca Grande, or main shipping channel, is cliff-like on the east, sloping down into a wooded valley towards the westward, or seaward, end. Until the coming of the war, there was a little community of some 600 persons living on the islands, but these were evacuated to the mainland when Corregidor had to be still further fortified. Its successful defence has aroused great enthusiasm throughout the United States



HOW THE DEFENCES OF CORREGIDOR HAVE BEEN BUILT UP AND PROTECTED FROM OBSERVATION : Underground ways have been cut in the rock, and the roadways have been screened from aerial observation in the manner shown here—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

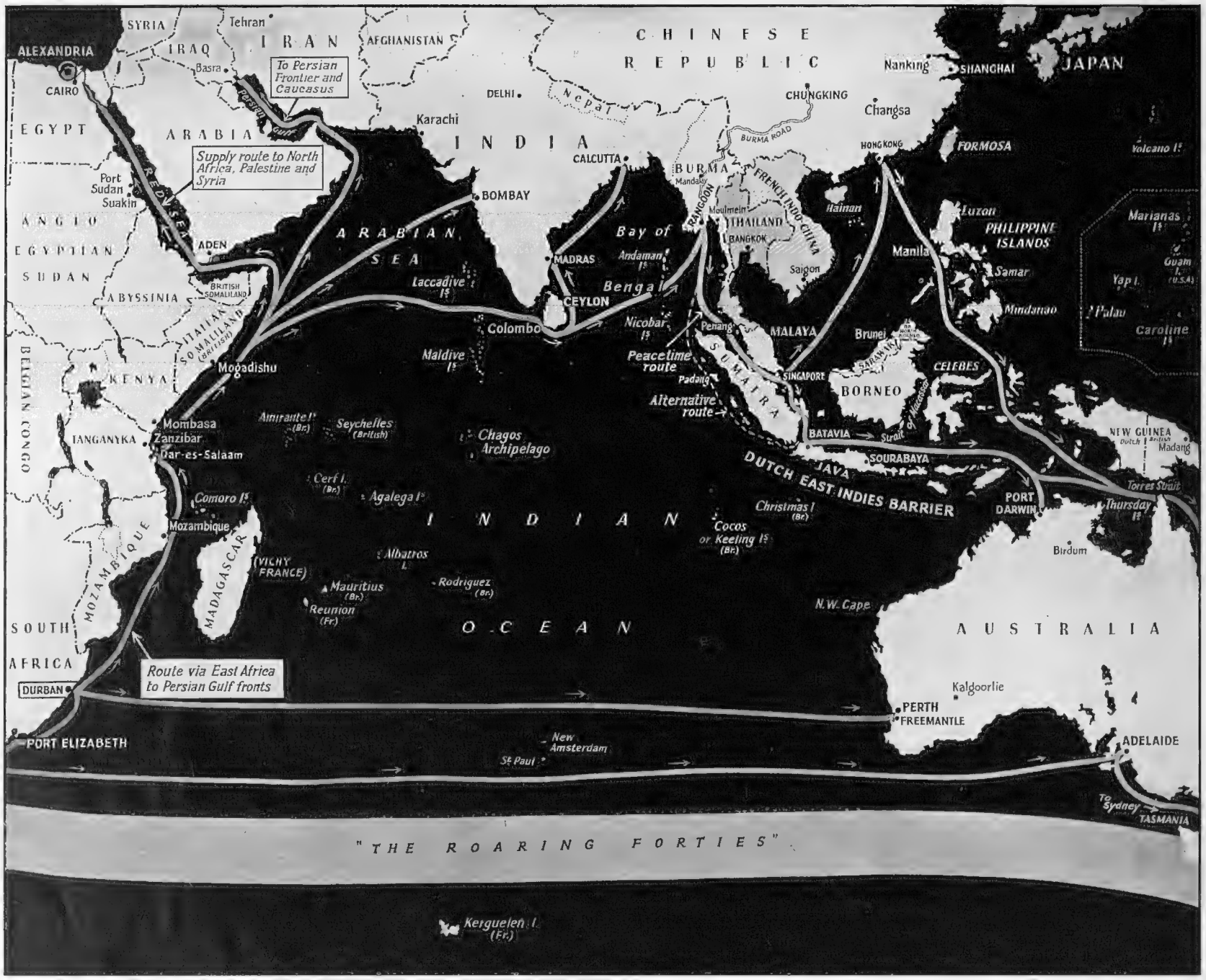
During the past few years, Corregidor has been made into a kind of Gibraltar : tunnels have been cut in the rock for ammunition and stores, and roads and paths have been screened from enemy observation and protected against air attack. The terraces have been honeycombed with defensive works ; and there are batteries of big guns and clusters of smaller guns, as well as scores of anti-aircraft guns and batteries of searchlights. Linking up all the defensive points is a vast network of tunnels hewn from the solid rock and wide enough for a double-track railway or a constant stream of Army lorries. Deep inside the hill fresh water, food, ammunition, medical supplies, and a complete hospital are located

THE AMERICAN DEFENSIVE LINES ON THE BATAN PENINSULA, and how these link up with Corregidor Island: This is the region on which the Japanese are now concentrating their attacks, and where the attempt to land, illustrated below, was made—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

General MacArthur has chosen his defensive positions well: his knowledge of the geography of the Philippines is profound and has enabled him to concentrate his forces in one of the few areas on Luzon where a determined stand could be made. Dominated by two mountains and covered in places with scrub, the area held by the U.S. forces is some 17 miles in depth; at its southward end it links up with the very strong island of Corregidor. In recent attempts on the Batan Peninsula, the Japanese have attempted landings on both sides of the Peninsula: the one from Cavite, the naval base in Manila Bay, was broken up by the big guns of Corregidor; the other—made on the west coast under cover of darkness by Tatori troops (the Japanese equivalent of shock troops)—was repelled by General MacArthur's artillery on Batan. In front of the American lines to the north of Pilar an open space has been cleared by the defenders, to hold in check the Japanese forces under the command of Lieut.-General Nova. This area has already witnessed some sanguinary encounters, and here the enemy have lost large numbers of men in attack

THE ATTACK ON THE WEST COAST OF THE BATAN PENINSULA, showing the 40-ft. barges, prepared by the Japanese with metal shields to protect their troops, which took part in the attempt. General MacArthur's forces wiped out the attackers—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

In one of those pithily-worded communiqués for which he has become famous, General MacArthur has described how on February 2 his artillery fire frustrated the first Japanese raid on the Peninsula by a Tatori group of special shock troops early in the evening, and how a second more serious landing attempt was made at midnight. In this latter attack a large number of barges under naval escort approached the coast. They were discovered by night-flying fighter aircraft. As the enemy troops approached the shore they ran into a hail of fire from artillery and machine-guns. In the morning a number of disabled barges, some of them still burning, were found scattered along the beaches. Not one Japanese soldier reached the land. The special invasion barges which the enemy used for this attempt are boats about 40 ft. long, carrying thirty or forty men apiece, and protected by sheets of metal



THE INDIAN OCEAN IS ALREADY COMING INTO THE STRATEGY OF THE WORLD WAR: Vital ocean supply routes of the anti-Axis Powers cross the vast ocean at various latitudes. The big port of Durban, in South Africa, is the nearest base which could be used for the repair of naval vessels now that the big Singapore floating dock has gone under water—*A special* Sphere *map*

WAR IN THE INDIAN OCEAN?

The Vast Area to which the Japanese are now Slowly Creeping

Described by ROBERT FINCH

THE Japanese are in the Indian Ocean. They have already seized the ports facing the Straits of Malacca and become masters of the Burmese coast and islands from the the Isthmus of Kra northwards to Moulmein.

The battles of the Atlantic and the South-west Pacific have so claimed our attention that the importance of the Indian Ocean and the probability of it becoming our area of major conflict in the near future may have been overlooked. Nazi sea-raiders have appeared there from time to time: several have been hunted down and destroyed. Now Japanese submarines, penetrating the protective screen of British, Netherlands and United States forces based on the Netherlands Indies, are operating in the Indian Ocean. In the middle of January last, survivors from a ship sunk 270 miles west of Sumatra landed in the Batoe (Batu) Islands on the Equator. Other attacks are to be expected, not only by submarines but also by Japanese aircraft-carriers or even by Japanese naval raids in force, especially at certain points on the vital supply routes of the Allied nations.

The Cape route to the Indian Ocean has assumed enormous importance ever since the opening phases of the battle for the Mediterranean, which soon made the Suez route dangerous, if not impossible.

To-day munitions, reinforcements and supplies go by way of the Cape to Suez for the Libyan campaign and the Nearer East. Considerable British and American supplies for Russia cross the Indian Ocean to the Persian Gulf, to be forwarded *via* the Trans-Iranian Railway and the Persian motor roads to the Caucasus. Supplies for China, too, are landed at Rangoon for transport by rail and the Burma Road to Kunming and Chungking. Reinforcements for Singapore proceed *via* Cape Town across the Indian Ocean, and it may well happen that American reinforcements, avoiding the Pacific battle zone, may voyage by way of the Southern Ocean round Australia into the Indian Ocean washing Australia's western shores. In addition to all this vital traffic, ships carrying foodstuffs and raw materials steam direct between Cape Town and Australia for over 5,800 miles without a landfall. The shipping route from Britain to India is now *via* the Cape, although the detour means an increase of 4,400 miles in the voyage, over the Suez Route—perhaps an extra fortnight's steaming and an addition to running expenses and maintenance far in excess of the saving of Suez Canal dues. From India, herself an important reservoir of munitions, man-power and supplies, a stream of traffic flows east to Singapore and another west to Suez or north-west to the Persian Gulf.

Distances in the 33,000,000 square miles of the Indian Ocean are very great, but Allied naval forces there are not, owing to heavy commitments elsewhere. Cape Town to Colombo is a matter of 4,400 miles steaming; to Bombay 4,590 miles; to Aden 4,120; and to Melbourne 5,829. Well-equipped Allied naval bases are few: on the west is Simon's Bay (Cape Town), with useful harbours at Durban, Zanzibar and Mombasa, and the bases at Aden and Suez; on the north lie Bombay, Colombo, Trincomalee and Singapore; and on the east is Darwin, with another harbour at Fremantle (Perth). Among the islands, Port Louis in Mauritius is the most important. The "heart" area of the Indian Ocean is off all the important routes, and because of its avoidance by shipping may well become a rendezvous of supply ships for submarines preying on Allied shipping.

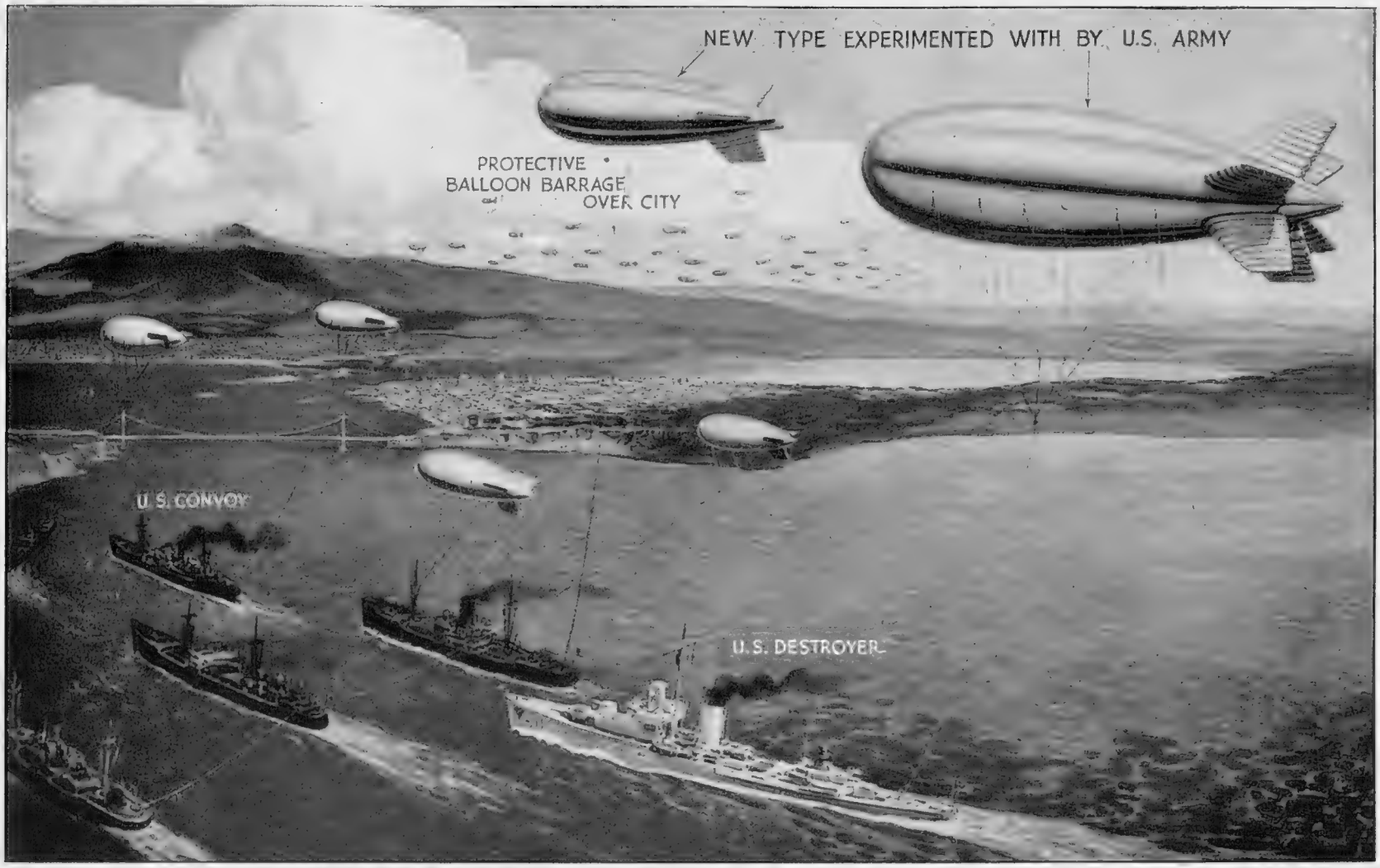
The Indian Ocean differs from all others in that it has a great continental land-mass lying to the north of it—the continent of Asia. This fact has important results not only on winds and currents in the Indian Ocean, but also on the distribution of population on land and the individual lives of the people. Normally the permanent winds of the globe, roughly between 30 deg. N. and 30 deg. S., are the Trade Winds—the N.E. Trades and the S.E. Trades, most noticeable, of course, over the oceans. But in India and south-east Asia, the N.E. Trades are supplanted in summer by wet winds mainly from the south-west; in winter the normal N.E. Trades resume function. This seasonal "turn-about" is the phenomenon known as "the monsoons"—a name derived from an Arabic word meaning "seasonal." In summer a vast low-pressure area develops over south-central Asia: towards this, air flows in as the south-west monsoon from the high-pressure region over the ocean, bringing with it the welcome summer rains that enable the densely-peopled agricultural regions of India, Burma and Indo-China to grow food for their many millions. The south-west monsoon "blots out" the N.E. Trades in these regions in summer. The currents in the Arabian Sea and Bay of Bengal also alter their direction in co-ordination with the changes of the monsoons.

South of the Equator the S.E. Trades prevail between 0 deg. and 30 deg. S.—steadiest between 10 deg. S. and 25 deg. S. during May, but in the "winter months" they occur between 10 deg. and 30 deg. S. east of the 50th meridian.

Still farther south blow the "brave west winds" of the "Roaring Forties"—a name which refers to the latitudes in which these westerlies blow, and not to the winds themselves. These westerlies are permanent winds—not seasonal like the monsoons. It is the belt of the westerlies, which moves a bit northward in winter (our summer) and brings welcome winter rains to south-west South Africa and south-west Australia, which have dry summers.

It is unlikely that Axis world-strategy and long-range planning for world-conquest will neglect the Indian Ocean. The Axis Powers have undoubtedly their plans for using it in their own way. At present the Indian Ocean lies between the two great battle areas—between Hitler's military machine, that has eaten up most of Europe, and the Japanese military machine, which has used navy and air force to carry it far south into Malaya and the East Indies. The Indian Ocean routes threaten both Germany and Japan: left in comparative peace, these routes will inevitably bring about the defeat of the Axis forces; Axis attempts to dominate the Indian Ocean are inevitable, especially that part north of the Equator. To the Axis, Singapore is not so much the "Gateway to the Far East" as it is the "Gateway to the Indian Ocean"; if Singapore holds, the Japanese invaders may well pause; if not, the Indian Ocean is open to them.

BARRAGE BALLOONS AND BLIMPS IN THE U.S.



THE UNITED STATES REQUIREMENTS FOR DEFENCE ARE NUMEROUS: Amongst them are the barrage balloon for cities and military points, and the Convoy balloon for merchantmen. Experiments with new types of both were being made long before America's entry into the war.—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

AN AMERICAN BLIMP, OPERATED BY THE U.S. NAVY, comes up for a close look at a freighter whilst on patrol along the sea lanes in the Atlantic

GUARDIANS OF AMERICA'S EASTERN SEABOARD: Pilots of a Fighter Squadron of the U.S. Army who stand by for 24 hours a day, ready to beat off any Axis attempt to raid the towns of the coast or the shipping routes along the Atlantic

Unlike many of the other Great Powers, the United States have never ceased to be interested in the development of the blimp; nor have they been as opposed to the idea of the balloon barrage as Germany was just before the outbreak of the present war! To-day the blimp is proving of the very greatest value in the coastwise patrols over the Atlantic which are now a part of the routine work of the U.S. Navy. The balloon-barrage idea has also appealed to the American authorities, and hundreds of these are already in the air at vital points. Just before the war Army and Navy officials were particularly interested in three types, manufactured by the Goodyear Zeppelin Corporation. For one of these it was claimed that it could attain a height of 15,000 ft.!

THE BLIMP IS IDEAL FOR THE JOB OF WATCHING OVER SEA TRAFFIC close to the long American Atlantic coast

"Enormous waterspouts occur, sucking up great quantities of surface water, and they always appear black. . . . Naturally, contact is shunned, the course of the ship being altered to miss them, or a shot fired into them to break them. . . ."

"Perhaps the most interesting inhabitants of the ocean are the long, eel-like fishes, scaly, with tabby-cat markings. Often one comes across many thousands of them in shoals over a wide area. They are sometimes as much as 7 ft. in length"

"WEATHER" in the SOUTH-WEST PACIFIC: Some of the Extraordinary Vagaries with which Seamen have to Contend

Described by David McInnes
Illustrated by Wm. McDowell

WHIRLWINDS, transparent rain, typhoons, a volcano in action below the surface of the ocean, electrical storms of terrific brilliance and intensity—these are some of the strange manifestations of nature that have most impressed me during many years afloat on the Pacific Ocean.

Off Penang I have seen as many as eleven separate and distinct whirlwinds at one and the same time; thin spirals they were, it is true, but even in a small whirlwind a huge bulk of water is drawn up, and it is well to avoid them. Out on the ocean, enormous waterspouts occur, sucking up great quantities of surface water, and they always appear black, probably because the spout itself, spreading outwards as its upward velocity diminishes, forms something like an umbrella, which shuts out the light. Naturally, contact is shunned, the course of the ship being altered to miss them, or a shot is fired into them to break them.

Running down the Strait of Malacca there is the notorious Krakatoa Volcano, which I have seen more than once in violent eruption. For 200 years Krakatoa slumbered; then suddenly, in 1883, it exploded with tremendous violence, causing a death roll of over 60,000. The whole mountain disappeared and a huge crater 2½ miles below the sea was formed, over which steam always rises. Periodically it blows up, and once I saw huge masses of rock hurled up into the sky, and the whole surrounding seas seemed on fire. Along the Strait, all the peaks of the islands are volcanic—150 of them—and many of them are active.

It is these that bring down the phenomenal rain in the regions of Malaya and the Archipelago of the Dutch East Indies—orographical rain it is called, distinguishing it from the typhoon rains and the strange electrical rains that descend in cascades on the ocean.

The climate of the narrow and often intricate seas that surround Malaya and the Dutch East Indies is oppressive, hot and humid, being largely governed by the monsoons, which alternate with almost clockwork regularity over the whole of that threatened area.

These monsoons are due to the high- and low-pressure systems over the two great continents of Asia and Australia respectively. In the northern winter, pressure is high over the vast land mass of Central Asia, where the lowest temperatures on the surface of the globe have been recorded, and low over Central Australia; and a steady flow of moisture-laden air crosses the Western Pacific Ocean, changing to a light north-westerly wind on nearing the Equator. The direction of the monsoon is reversed during the northern summer, when pressure is relatively high over Australia. Thus, from April to October the south-west

"A curious phenomenon is the 'transparent rain' of the Pacific nights. Warm, moist air rises from the surface of the ocean, condensing in the colder strata up above and then descending in cascades of sheer, transparent water against which awnings are as useless as sheets of tissue paper. What makes this rain so weird and remarkable is that it comes out of clear skies"

monsoon blows, and from November to April the prevailing wind is from the north-east.

Both these winds have a high moisture content after their passage over the seas, and consequently rainfall is abundant over the whole of the East Indies and the Malay Peninsula. Rain falls, for instance, at Singapore on 160 to 200 days every year, and on some of the islands—Celebes, the Moluccas, New Guinea and Borneo—the rainy days sometimes exceed 200.

The rainfall is mainly orographical in the neighbourhood of Malaya, the typhoon area being further north beyond the Philippines. Its abundance is due to the passage of the monsoon over the high volcanic ranges of the islands and of the Peninsula itself. There is consequently much cloudiness throughout the year over the adjoining seas, particularly from October to March. No doubt it was at such a time, when the skies were obscured by great masses of cumulus, banked as low as 1,500 ft., that the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* were sunk. These clouds are liable to disperse rapidly, and over the seas the sky is usually fairly clear or only partly obscured, with visibility good up to as much as seventy miles.

A glance at the map of the Pacific shows the Equator cutting through Sumatra, passing south of Singapore, then bisecting Borneo and passing across the northern part of Celebes, with New Guinea lying south of it. Temperatures in these equatorial regions, between 10 degrees north and 10 degrees south of the Equator, are not exceptionally high, averaging about 80 degrees; nor does the maximum often much exceed 90 degrees, for the greatest heat is not felt around the Equator, but in subtropical regions near the Tropics of Cancer and Capricorn. But at Medan, in Eastern Sumatra, 90 degrees is usual until long after sunset, whilst Hong Kong, although it is near the Tropic of Cancer, has a daily mean maximum in July of 86 degrees. There, it is hot throughout the summer, and would be much hotter were it not for the persistent cloud that envelops all that region.

Although the humidity of the atmosphere is mainly responsible for the oppressive character of the climate, the uniformity of temperature, which varies but little from day to day and from month to month throughout the year, and falls only slightly at night, increases the discomfort and tends to make life monotonous by depriving the climate of seasonal changes.

At sea, conditions are more comfortable and healthy than on the islands, for the humid heat is usually tempered by a breeze, and only to the leeward of lofty islands or in the Straits of Malacca, sheltered by the high volcanic mountains of Java and Sumatra, or farther east in the doldrums, are there likely to be periods of oppressive calm.

Not that the Malacca Straits are always calm, by any means. During the west monsoon, heavy seas are often experienced off the weather side of the Malayan coast, and short rain and thunder squalls of great violence, known as the sumatras, are of frequent occurrence. Thunderstorms, in fact, accompanied by heavy rain, are almost a daily feature around the island of Java, there being upward of three hundred of them every year, all at night.

It is at the two changes of the monsoon periods, in March and April and in November and December, that the worst storms occur. (*Continued on following page*)

"A marked feature is the frequent occurrence of violent electrical storms. . . . The thunder is, in real truth, deafening in its noise, a succession of the loudest crashes; whilst the lightning flashes are literally blinding in their intensity"

"Towards the western part of the ocean climate is humid, and there is a high degree of phosphorescence, so that at night the outlines of the ship, one's hands, and everything one touches glow with an eerie light. The bow waves appear like two great diverging walls of fire, and every wave and ripple is crested with a bright luminance, the wake of the ship flaming far into the distance"

BRITAIN'S ANSWER TO THE GERMAN E-BOAT: This fine craft is a powerful vessel, well-armed and with a very high turn of speed; it is almost a destroyer in miniature. Note the completeness and compactness of its equipment; note also the power-operated turret aft of the bridge. This warship is now carrying out very vital escort and patrol duties around our coasts

A CONTRAST TO PACIFIC WATERS! The helmsman at the wheel during a sea patrol around Britain. The recent cold spell extended to ships at sea, and these have experienced some very hard weather

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Another feature of the Straits I have observed every time I have sailed through them—a ripple of waves three feet or more in height and extending in any weather for many miles. It may be caused by transitory variations of the local wind current in areas where there is a prevailing wind, or by wind being forced through an opening in the mountains or sweeping violently around the end of a long range.

North of Malaya, across the China Sea and nearer the Tropic of Capricorn, a higher range of temperatures is experienced, and in the interior of the island of Luzon 110 degrees has been exceeded. The range of temperature is greater in both Luzon and Mindanao, where the nights are often 10 degrees cooler than the days, and it is off the east or north-east of the Philippines that the typhoons of the China Seas originate. They travel first in a west-north-westerly direction, towards Formosa and Hong Kong, then curve north-eastwards until they reach Japan. The velocity of the typhoon wind often reaches 100 m.p.h., and its passage is marked by rainstorms of great violence. From July to October, the south-east of Japan is often visited by these storms, and widespread damage is caused. On Mindanao and the Southern Philippines, and south of 5 degrees north, typhoons are rare, but I have experienced one as far south as North Borneo.

From the Pacific Coast of America to the mainland of China, a marked feature is the frequent occurrence of violent electrical storms. They come almost without warning, and I have known them, indeed, come without any warning at all—great flashes of white fire streaking down from sky to sea and back again, with the loud crack of a thunderbolt. But the thunder is, in real truth, deafening in its noise, a succession of the loudest crashes I have ever heard; whilst the lightning flashes are literally blinding in their intensity. When the violet-white streak illumines ship and ocean with its uncanny brilliance, one can hear it sizzle as it strikes the water, and—still more terrifying—it seems to strike so close to the ship that I have often thought the point of impact could be no more than 30 or 50 yards away. Some years ago I counted as many as eight separate thunderstorms in progress at once over different parts of the sea, each with its black mass of overhanging cloud; and in between were skies of brightest blue with brilliant sunshine slanting down between the cloud-banks, isolating the storms.

Another curious phenomenon is the "transparent rain" of the Pacific nights. Warm, moist air rises from the surface of the ocean, condensing in the colder strata up above and then descending in cascades of sheer, transparent water against which awnings are as useless as sheets of tissue paper. What makes this rain so weird and remarkable is that it comes out of clear skies in which there is not the least vestige of a cloud!

Towards the western part of the ocean, climate is humid, and over there is a high degree of phosphorescence, so that at night the outlines of the ship, one's hands and everything one touches glow with an eerie light. The bow waves appear like two great diverging walls on fire, and every wave and ripple is crested with a bright luminance, the wake of the ship flaming far into the distance. Sharks abound, and whales of various species from both the Arctic and Antarctic, except the killer whale, are found in many parts of the Pacific, even in Equatorial regions. Sharks attack these mammoths, biting out their tongues so that they bleed quickly to death. But perhaps the most interesting inhabitants of the ocean are the long, eel-like fishes, scaly, with tabby-cat markings. Often one comes across many thousands of them in shoals over a wide area. They are sometimes as much as seven feet in length, and their hues are so vivid that whole patches of water are brightly coloured by them. The Yellow Sea, off the China Coast, is marked by curious yellow patches which give the sea its name, but these are probably due to the nature of the bed of the sea.

Stranger still are the seaweed-covered regions I have seen out on the ocean, where for as much as 30 miles on end seaweed growing from unfathomed depths rises and undulates with the ocean swell.

EQUIPPED FOR THE WINTER: Duffel-coated bluejackets hoisting depth-charges aboard prior to a winter patrol around the coast

IN FROZEN RUSSIAN WATERS : A BRITISH WARSHIP LEADS THE MERCHANTMEN THROUGH A LANE CLEARED OF ICE-FLOES. This Convoy was carrying valuable supplies to our Soviet Allies and had to land them at a port in the Arctic. A Russian tug was ready to meet the supply ships and to pilot them into harbour

CONVOY TO RUSSIA

Through the Frozen Seas of the Arctic Ocean

ON THE COMPLETELY "ICED-UP" DECK OF A BRITISH WARSHIP : Members of the crew, warmly clad for the Arctic winter, as the vessel convoyed the supply ships to a Russian port

Winter at sea is never pleasant in northern latitudes : on the supply route to North Russia, which has been kept open throughout the winter, the full rigours of the northern climate have been experienced by our ships and men. The vessels detailed to carry the munitions of war have been completely iced-up, with pack-ice even floating out to the open sea and the decks converted into skating-rinks by the frozen spray. Under these conditions, the guns of the escorting warships have to be kept constantly on the move—by elevating and lowering them and swinging them from one side to the other

Above—**"EXERCISE" FOR THE GUNS IN THESE FROZEN LATITUDES.** They are here seen at their extreme elevation : they have been raised to this point to prevent their freezing-up. *Below*—**THE DECK OF A CONVOY WARSHIP,** as the course progressed northwards

THREE DRAMAS of the SEA

RESCUED BY THE R.A.F. AFTER 40 HOURS AT SEA—A Danish jolly-boat with five men aboard after a torpedoing by U-boat: The ever-watchful R.A.F. have again taken part in a rescue at sea. In this case it was a number of Danish seamen, whose vessel had been attacked by U-boat. The crew were adrift for 40 hours—5 men in the ship's jolly-boat, and 45 more in a lifeboat and motor-boat. The sea-men were spotted by a Sunderland flying-boat of the Coastal Command: the crew of the latter signalled that help was coming, and then went back to despatch a rescue ship

THE SUNDERLAND AIRCRAFT APPROACHES THE SHIPWRECKED DANES: It then flew off and sent out a rescue ship

AFTER BEING SPOTTED BY THE SUNDERLAND, the crew of the Danish vessel settle down to wait for the arrival of the rescue ship

THE NORWEGIAN TANKER SUNK OFF THE AMERICAN COAST BY A GERMAN SUBMARINE

The picture reproduced above was taken by airmen of the U.S. Bomber Command: it has just been received in London by air mail. It shows the Norwegian tanker *Varanger* sinking off Atlantic City, New Jersey, as a result of the recent activities of U-boats near the North American coast. In this instance the entire crew of forty-two was saved. This sinking and others of a similar nature have brought home to Americans the proximity of the war

A PACKED LIFEBOAT APPROACHES A CANADIAN MINESWEEPER after the torpedoing of a large merchant vessel off the Canadian coast

***On right*—A POIGNANT TRAGEDY OF THE WAR AT SEA: A Chinese seaman lies unconscious on a raft**

One hundred and sixty miles off the Halifax coast of Canada, a large merchant vessel was torpedoed by an Axis submarine: it was later announced that ninety-four lives were lost as a result, only eighty-nine men being saved. Though in a very exhausted state, the Chinese seaman seen on the right was eventually saved by the Canadian minesweeper *Red Deer*. The smaller picture reproduced above the one on the right shows others of the eighty-nine survivors as they approached the rescue vessel in their lifeboat.

MAKING FILMS FOR THE GOVERNMENT

The Work of the Films Division of the Ministry of Information, which has Already Produced a Number of Real Money-Makers as well as Propaganda and Information Efforts

Described by
CHARLES GRAVES

IT is safe to say that of all the various activities of the Ministry of Information, the talking-pictures made under the direction of its Films Division has met with least criticism and most approval. This is in spite of the fact that sponsored films in peacetime were generally of such low quality that the public was both suspicious and cynical about anything in the shape of a propaganda film. To-day I think the audiences genuinely like Ministry of Information films, and if the same main picture was shown at two separate cinemas in the neighbourhood, more people would go to the one which had most Ministry of Information films in support. It is not easy to assess public reaction to each of these films (which are made at the rate of one a week), but in some cases there is tangible evidence of results produced. Thus, many thousands more children than before were inoculated after the general release of a twelve-minute film entitled *Defeat Diphtheria*. Short films like *Rush Hour*, showing the selfishness of elderly people in delaying their journey home until the hour when the munition workers are leaving their factories, no doubt have a salutary effect, but this, of course, cannot be checked. This holds good with films about the digging and tending of allotments. Actually, the Films Division makes a number of films for the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries.

Actually, too, it is a war baby—conceived at the time of the Munich crisis, born at the outbreak of war and, in the two years of its life, compelled to run without even learning to walk. Some time before war broke out it was thought advisable to form a Films Division as part of the Ministry of Information to take advantage of the cinema-going habit which makes the screen perhaps the most powerful propaganda medium in existence. But apart from the G.P.O. Film Unit, which had founded the documentary type of film, there was no organisation either for the production of films or for their distribution. The original plan was to produce films for release through a small number of travelling units, while negotiations with exhibitors were planned to arrange a general release of special films. At first the film trade took a dim view of the situation, although Mr. Sidney Bernstein agreed to act as honorary technical adviser, and Mr. Jack Beddington, previously the assistant general manager of Shell Mex and B.P. United, became the director of the Films Division. The film trade soon discovered, however, that the Films Division could be helpful in many ways, saving them the trouble, among other things, of dealing with hundreds of requests, both official and unofficial, for the use of their screen or theatre for public appeals.

The film trade has also discovered that pictures made under the auspices of the Films Division can be real money-makers, and an added attraction to their normal programme. In this connection one need only refer to *Target for To-night*, *Merchant Seamen*, *Men of the Lightships*, *Squadron 992*, *Ferry Pilot*, *Wavell's 30,000*, and *Listen to Britain*—not to mention *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Builders*, which is compered by Professor John Hilton. Advance reports of these two films suggest that they are really first-rate.

Besides doing liaison work between the separate interests of the film trade and the various Government departments, the Films Division produces pictures to be released in this country through the ordinary cinemas; produces and shows "non-theatrical" films through the Ministry's own organisation; prepares foreign-language versions and shipments of all suitable films to every part of the globe not occupied by the enemy; and co-operates with the producers of feature films if these are likely to assist the war effort.

Of the fifty-two short films per year produced by the Films Division and released at the rate of one a week, 10 per cent. are made by the Crown Film Unit (late G.P.O. Film Unit). The remainder are made by a number of outside producing organisations employed by the Ministry. Each of these pictures is supervised at every stage of production, and, as often as not, the ideas for these pictures come from the Films Division after a talk with the individual Ministry which is anxious to run its current campaign on the screen as well as on the radio and in the newspapers.

Twice a week production conferences are held by Mr. Jack Beddington, who is also on the War News Film committee. This meets every week to co-ordinate the movements of news-reel cameramen in the various theatres of war. And anyone who thinks that the British cameramen are not allowed the same facilities as the real front-line camera reporters is wrong. British news-reel cameramen are allowed as far up to the zone of fighting as their opposite numbers in Germany and Russia, and when a German film like the one featuring the attack on Russia is captured, it is offered to the news-reels by the War News Film Committee for immediate distribution.

The assistance of the Films Division given to producers of feature films can be invaluable. A film with a war background naturally requires the use of property and personnel belonging to the armed forces, together with visits to aerodromes, dockyards and other restricted areas. The Films Division acts as a clearing-house for all such requests, provided that they are satisfied from the script that the film for which the facility is required is of definite value to the nation's war effort. The Script Department, too, often advises on scripts to prevent later trouble for the producers from the censors, and film producers are learning to consult the Films Division before trouble has been encountered, rather than afterwards.

In order to bring forward constructive ideas for future propaganda films, an Ideas Committee was recently formed. This consists of screen writers, film directors and representatives of the Films Division itself.

The producer of the Crown Film Unit is Ian Dalrymple, who is also honorary producer to the Army Film Unit and to the R.A.F. Film Unit. (The Navy does not rise to such heights of imagination.) He is thirty-eight, of South African stock, and educated at Cambridge. By all accounts he is the most promising figure in the whole of British films. Naturally, he has assistants and advisers, particularly for films to be made for foreign consumption. Imagine the difficulty of showing a film about a balloon barrage to West African natives who have never seen an aeroplane, and do not understand gas! Even a film about special constables is not easy to make intelligible to untutored audiences without expert advice from people who have lived in their midst.

At the moment there is no compulsion on any exhibitor to show a Government-made film, but such is their quality and appeal that 80 per cent. of all Government films are shown throughout the country. Each cinema has been placed in one of seven different grades, according to its size and position; and each film, of which there are 700 prints, plays in 700 Grade A theatres for a week, moves on to Grade B, and thus plays in nearly 5,000 cinemas in ten weeks. In addition, there are 100 mobile cinema units travelling with their own projectors, screens and generator. These use village halls and church halls, giving specialised shows at a women's institute, consisting perhaps of films on wartime cookery, household salvage, and child welfare, or giving other films dealing with incendiary bombs, fire-fighting, and first aid to a Civil Defence depot. These mobile units gave 30,000 shows in their first year, and reached an aggregate audience of 5,000,000 people in villages as far apart as the Scilly Isles and the Hebrides.

"THE AUTHOR IN HIS AIR-RAID SHELTER"—one of the illustrations from "Britain at War" (in Chinese)

"BRITAIN AT WAR" SEEN THROUGH CHINESE EYES—piquant illustrations from a booklet distributed throughout China: Mr. Chiang Yee is a noted Chinese writer and painter; he is the author of the celebrated *Silent Traveller* series of books on British scenes and experiences, and has resided in this country for several years past. Now, he has just completed the Chinese text and done many of the illustrations for a thirty-two-page booklet entitled *Britain at War*, which has been distributed throughout China. Two of the illustrations from the book are given here; the one above appears on the cover, and is called, "Churchill, Parliament and People." This is also to be displayed (in enlarged size) as a poster in the East

Another activity is the loaning of films free of charge for use by institutions and societies that already have their own sound projector and require films for private shows. The Central Film Library is sending out over 6,500 films a month, and the figure is steadily growing.

Up to the beginning of this year the Films Division had produced seventy-five films for free release, twenty for commercial release, sixty-five for "non-theatrical" release, and thirteen for overseas, in addition to seventeen Colonial films for Africa and thirteen trailers for news-reels. But it seems hard luck on the Films Division that the box-office receipts of their successes like *Target for To-night* go straight to the Treasury and cannot be utilised for making yet other successes. As for the personnel of the Crown Film Unit, they are officially Civil Servants and paid Civil-Servant salaries.

MEMORIES OF FIFTY YEARS—

An Experiment in Autobiography—IV

By J. G.

"A FEATURE FROM 'THE STRAND.'"—My mother's instincts and impulses often came to a halt before my father's law-trained logic and his oak-door negative to any novel plan or theory. I realised, too, even as a child, that her apprehension of dangers and risks to our health was setting my own mind—for I, too, was imaginative and nervous—along the same *via dolorosa*, bogy-haunted and constantly apprehensive of disaster round the corner. . . . . For the rest, if we were a trifle spoilt at home, we yet succeeded in acquiring for ourselves a great deal of resourcefulness. We were soon enough capable of coping with the smaller difficulties of life without help, and in our playtime we were usually self-sufficient and busy.

Does any son ever *realise* his mother as a young and beautiful woman? I doubt it. Although I was the youngest of the family, my mother was not more than twenty-seven when I was born. Yet I fancy the first hint I ever gained that she might be something else besides a dependable mother and nurse and companion to me was when, with hesitation and pardonable pride, she showed me a certain cutting from a contemporary "feature" in *The Strand*. I was then about ten years old. It was headed: "Five Beautiful Society Women"—my mother would not have been a woman if she had not laid it up in lavender—Lady Dudley and Lady Randolph Churchill were two; I forget two more. In the bottom corner was my mother, side face, her hair braided, wearing a many-buttoned stuff frock. My mother was anything but "fashionable," and in no "set" in Society; but doubtless some photographer had betrayed her.

I was the youngest of four children; three sons and a daughter, who was to develop a resourcefulness and strength of will which an Arctic explorer might well envy, and which were, I need not say, far, far beyond my reach. I am certain there is no scientific yard-stick for measuring the type of parent who will breed "strong sons." It must positively be a matter of pure chance which settles the issue of the sex of children born into the world. My father and mother were both qualified to produce a family of girls. My maternal grandfather, a man of iron, produced seven daughters and no man-child. For the statisticians of fecundity and population, here is a sidelight on the decline of births in families of the educated class during a century or more. My paternal grandfather (born in 1811) was one of eleven children; my paternal grandmother one of fourteen. My maternal grandparents were each of them one of a family of eight or more children. My father was one of six, my mother one of seven. Our family was four, and the best that we could produce among us was a family of three. As science marched on, so did the senses of permanence and security in human affairs diminish and the cost of living increase.

Childhood's Memories.—I prefer biography to any other form of literature, and read a lot of it. Nevertheless, I confess myself a reckless skipper of that part of a biography which covers childhood and schooldays. I don't deny that growth of character can be observed with interest in a five-year-old baby, and that differences of character can be clearly seen in two babies sharing a common parentage and nursery. I admit, too, that what counts in the end (with God, and men too), is not what a man *does*, but what he *is*. Nevertheless, I consider that two pages are enough, even in a long biography, to allot to childhood's days, and that those two pages should be concerned rather with details of environment and example than of nursery incidents.

There is little direct interest in the sayings of an echo, or in the pictures seen in a mirror; and a baby or child, when it is not pure animal or savage, is a polite echo or a more or less faithful mirror. Of course, I admire the *tour de force* of Maurice Baring's memory of his childhood, but conclude that his achievements were a misuse of power. My own memories of childhood are confined to about half-a-dozen more-than-trivial items, unrelated, undatable and uninteresting. A sense of the snugness of the night-nursery fire and of the aromatic smell of damp bath-towels drying on the fireguard; a moment or two of terror; a first awakening to the facts of life, or one of them; a bitter memory of humiliation when convicted of behaving like a baby when grown to "little boy's" estate.

My sister was my companion of childhood. We had hundreds of lead soldiers; and a chronic fairy-story, which we invented and continually elaborated (in which we played the parts of King and Crown Prince), guided our games and enlivened our pillows. At the age of seven, I produced my first (and last) drama in blank verse, and very, very good it is (though I say it as shouldn't). Hannibal was the theme, and it has survived the waste-paper salvage campaign of 1941, proof positive (if proof were needed) that it is of high merit. From that age onward, to my thirtieth year, I was for ever scribbling verses and prose, and if the Great War of 1914-18 killed my enthusiasm for all poetry but Shakespeare's, it but added fuel to the fire of my enthusiasm for writing and reading prose. I feel no great doubt that as early as my eighth year I felt a definite and genuine call for the career of a writer.

My father, as a sound literary critic, naturally saw no merit whatever in my boyish flights, but, if he had done so, if any merit there had been, he would not have encouraged my bent. He had a traditional distrust of the writer's profession from the point of view of financial security; and of journalism from the point of view of "respectability." He would have preferred it if I had followed my uncle into the Church; he would have "stood the shot" if I had shown, after my call to the Bar, any fair prospect of success in his own profession. When neither of those prospects matured, there was only one alternative left in his mind—a post in the Civil Service with the "distant prospect" of a pension. I hardly resisted the intensity of "family blackmail" to force me into the Church. I failed for many wasted years to jump the barriers which barred me from the Street of Ink.

Poetic justice comes at last, if it be slow—how slow!—in coming. In his eightieth year (and increasingly onwards) my father himself "commenced author"; ungrudgingly, but unmistakably, he envied me such success as I attained as a writer, and finally, in his ninetieth year, or thereabouts, he published at his own cost a volume of essays on various subjects, legal and literary; and I vow that no young author ever gloated so lovingly as he over his name on the title-page!

A London Childhood.—I pause for a moment here to ask myself whether my father's and my mother's lives were "happy"—that is, whether they achieved the full ration of happiness which normal people, who are spared the major, tangible misfortunes, may expect from human existence. Before I search for an answer, I set down this reflection. What a piece of damned impertinence it is to assume that any person, friend or stranger, rich or poor, sick or healthy, is happy or unhappy until he has, after careful reflection, confessed as much! With that condition imposed, I judge that both my parents possessed the sensitiveness and the imagination which enabled them to derive the maximum of pleasure from the beauties of Nature and Art, and that, in their different ways, they derived rather less than the normal comfort from social intercourse, and bore rather more than the normal handicaps which fall upon diffident, apprehensively imaginative natures. Viewing human existence, as I do, through spectacles not ultra-rose-tinted—of which more anon from my own store of experience—I should say that they both enjoyed their fair share of happiness during their spans of life, very long in one case, and of average length in the other.

Our home was in London. We were definitely London children, to whom the pantomime, the "panorama," the gaslit streets, the hansom cab, the pea-soup fog, the playground of the Albert Memorial, and drunken men and women roaring and rolling home on Saturday evenings, were familiar spectacles and institutions whose thrills were a little blunted by use. Nevertheless, the "Transformation Scene" in the Christmas pantomimes of my childhood is still vivid in memory as the greatest experience of the possibilities of Art and Magic combined to produce Beauty. We were London children, although we passed all, or almost all, our holidays, winter and summer alike, in the country. There was always available my grandparents' suburban "manor-house," and, better still, in the heart of West Sussex, the genuine manor-house of my uncle and aunt, which stood in a setting of unspoilt beauty and peace, in rural England's very heart, and offered at all seasons of the year the pure cream of English country life under conditions which combined simplicity with comfort, security with intellectual interests, cheerful society for young and old, with sport and games and pastimes of all kinds. Of this enchanting country house more must be told hereafter.

(The next article in this series will be published in the issue of March 7)

RINGING THE SILENT BELLS OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS: Despite the ban on the ringing of church bells, the peal of St. Peter's, Tunbridge Wells, is still rung regularly—but the bells are not heard! As explained by Mr. B. Collison, captain of the band of ringers, bell-ringing is an art which requires considerable training and practice, so the clappers have been removed from the bells to enable them to be used, not only for practice by seasoned bell-ringers but also to train newcomers to the art

MAKING THE SEVERN SALMON BASKETS: The basketmakers of Severnside are now busy making their "Butcher Baskets" which are used in large numbers for trapping the spring salmon. These baskets are made of willow, and thousands are used each season, as their life in the swift river is short. A skilled worker can make one in three-quarters of an hour. The basketmakers are now having the busiest time for many years, as so few newcomers have learnt the trade in recent years

THE GERMANS STILL REHEARSE INVASION

THE SPECIAL INVASION CRAFT OF THE GERMANS : These are equipped with large outboard-motors and long propeller-shafts, which also act as rudders

ACCESSIBILITY !—Four men can lift out motor and propeller-shaft and carry them from point to point as desired

HOW THE GERMAN INVASION BOATS ARE OPERATED : The steersman stands up at the stern and raises or depresses the propeller-shaft as necessary

The Nazi shock troops are still being kept on their toes. According to this set of pictures (from an enemy source), the invasion of Britain is still included in Hitler's plans ; and "exercises" are still being carried out for the purpose of familiarising the troops who may take part in such an invasion with the vessels which may then be employed. Apparently, the Germans have perfected a queer craft, specially designed for shallow waters. Its motor is attached to the propeller-shaft in such a fashion that motor and shaft are all of one piece ; there is no rudder. The steersman stands at the stern with his hands on the controls behind him ; by operating the shaft to one side or the other, he thus steers the boat. The idea is, of course, that by this means it can be operated right up to the last moment in the shallowest water, and the boat can then be run right up on to the beach. Motor and shaft can be quickly dismantled, and the whole unit carried by four men. Each boat carries about half-a-dozen men—so that quite a number would be necessary to effect a landing in force. Although no location is given, it would appear that these invasion operations are being rehearsed in the sandy dune country of the Dutch or West German coast. The barges are armed with machine-guns

AN IMPRESSIVE PICTURE FROM LIBYA : An aerial view of Fort Capuzzo, the Italian strong-point on the Egyptian border in the Western Desert, as it appears to-day after continuous bombardment by the Eighth Army

This official picture was taken from a low-flying aircraft after Fort Capuzzo had fallen to General Ritchie's Eighth Army during the present campaign against General Rommel and his Italian partners in Libya. Many times has Capuzzo changed hands ; many times has it withstood bombardment from the land and from the air, until it is now almost a heap of ruins. Fort Capuzzo was built by the Italians as a strong-point on the Egypt-Libyan border : from it extended the great barbed-wire barrier of which the junior Axis member was so proud. Despite the concrete of which it was built, however, there is not a single building intact in Capuzzo to-day, so heavily has it suffered

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS—PAST AND PRESENT

Charles Graves Censored and Uncensored; Ursula Bloom Looks Back—From Victoria to the "Blitz"; D. W. Rainer's American Adventures; Nevil Shute's "Narrative Assurance"; "Endeavour" Sets Sail

IT will be interesting to see whether OFF THE RECORD (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.) will stimulate other writers, both amateurs and professionals, into keeping a full war diary. If it does, Mr. Charles Letts will benefit, if no one else. *Off the Record*, by Mr. Charles Graves, is very personal. At the same time, it is a reminder of the really sticky times which Londoners "enjoyed" during the worst of the "blitz." Between November 1940, and September 1941—the period under review—Charles Graves's own house was on fire twice. As he says himself, much of it is naïve. But at least this means that there is no writing for effect.

The Diary has evidently been censored by the Admiralty and the Air Ministry. Even so, a few cats have been allowed to emerge from the bag. It is clear that Mr. Beverley Baxter, M.P., expected to be Minister of Information. Indeed, it is on record that he invited Charles Graves to be his assistant at Miniform. There is a revealing letter from Lord Beaverbrook explaining why he had no wish to be Minister of Propaganda. There are references to General Mason Macfarlane, now head of our Military Mission in Russia. I also rather like the Greek Minister's definition of Bulgaria—"My boy, it isn't a country—it 's just a conspiracy."

Lord Horder gives statistics about air-raid shelters. There is a close-up account of a luncheon given by Mr. Duff Cooper to London's leading columnists. The reader is also enabled to "sit in" on the writing of a successful novel—*The Thin Blue Line*.

The first names in the index give a rough idea of the scope of the book and the people whom Charles Graves has met and written about. They are General Adam, Mr. A. V. Alexander, General Alexander, the late Flight Lieutenant Allard, D.F.C., Chesney Allen, Gubby Allen, Bert Ambrose, Hedley Anderson, François André, J. M. Andrews, Beatrice Appleyard, General Appleyard, and Michael Arlen. The last eleven names in the index are Lord Willingdon, Wendell Willkie, Sir Edward Wilshaw, Mr. Winant, the Duke of Windsor, Godfrey Winn, Lord Windlesham, P. G. Wodehouse, Sir Kingsley Wood, Lord Woolton and Princess Yourievitch.

Miss Ursula Bloom's TIME, TIDE AND I (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.) is also a very personal book. "It is," the author says, "the history of my time, the conditions under which I lived, the routine of life I have followed, history as it occurred to me personally."

Miss Bloom's recollections begin with the death of Queen Victoria (always referred to as the "dear Queen," never as "the Queen") when the author was a tiny child "wearing multitudinous clothes, always topped by pinafores." She lived in a Warwickshire parsonage. "At that time my father, a priest of the Church of England, wore a heavy cavalry moustache, for which he ought to have been shot, but they were considered to be very raffish and smart." Then there was the Boer War and the coronation of Edward VII. Growing up in the Edwardian era, driving to the first parties in a hired "fly"; listening to scratchy tunes on an "abominable phonograph," the first telephone; playing tennis in full piqué dresses; bathing in a baggy blouse and a skirt all over full bloomers; seeing Lewis Waller in *Henry V.*, reading Marie Corelli; having violent views on women's suffrage; those were some of the Edwardian memories.

In this manner Miss Bloom rattles through her life in the most personal terms, commenting as she goes along on the changing social scene and the passage of events. In the middle of the last war she married a soldier, who did not survive the Armistice. In 1925 she married again, this time a Naval officer. Through her own personal experiences she takes the reader through a period that is within the recollection of most of us, and breaks off in July 1941. She writes of her experiences in the Battle of Britain with the same insouciance as she describes the first Zeppelin attack in 1915. It is the kind of book which many readers will enjoy, comparing notes with their own memories of the past, and it is also the kind of book which may be of value to students of social history in years to come.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

Mr. P. W. Rainer's AMERICAN HAZARD (John Murray. 10s. 6d.) is also a book of personal experiences. Those who read his first book, *African Hazard*, will remember that he, too, began life with early recollections of the Boer War, and that in the last war he was campaigning in German North-West Africa as one of Demilion's Scouts, who were the heroes of an epic ride of three hundred miles in seven days on one day's rations. After a series of adventures and disasters which overtook him after the war, this young South African set out to seek further adventure, this time on the American Continent. By chance he arrived in Philadelphia and further chance took him into the coalfields of Pennsylvania, where he worked and fought his way to the joint ownership of a mine, and experiences which brought him in direct contact and conflict with some of the worst industrial disturbances in American history. These men and their leaders were tough. So were the owners and the gangs of hired thugs and assassins they employed to combat them. Mr. Rainer and his partner survived the worst of the strikes and made quite a respectable fortune, but the big coal combines were not satisfied to leave them alone. On a technical legal point they were squeezed out and ruined.

So once more the author set out to seek adventure and a fresh livelihood, this time in the deep South. He got caught up in the mad land-speculating boom in Florida, with all its attendant gambling and racketeering. He also went through the famous hurricane which, among other things, wafted a four-masted schooner into the main street of the mushroom town of Miami Beach. Quite apart from his varied adventures, which are exciting enough, the author has an eye for character and ability to hit off characteristics in a sentence or two. It may be a revelation to some people, for instance, to realise that the native-born American lumps all British subjects, whether they be English, Scotch, Welsh, South African, or from whatever part of the Empire they come, together as "foreigners," and to be treated with the same reserve and suspicion as any other brand of foreigner.

The author asks that the reader should make allowances for the "sketchy" writing in this book, due to "the distractions of Libyan desert, sandstorms, countless flies and occasional mild Italian bombing." Good luck to him.

A new novel from Mr. Nevil Shute is a book which I can pick up with the pleasurable certainty of being entertained. A famous critic has written of this author's "narrative assurance." The publishers go flat out and describe him as "one of the finest story-tellers of our generation." With neither of these dicta would I disagree. His last novel, *Landfall*, is assuredly one of the best flying yarns to have been produced in this war.

PIED PIPER (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is quite different from anything this author has done in the past. It opens in a London Club, with an old member coming in out of the black-out and tripping over the mat. He is old and frail, and both he and the Club porter are agreed that such traps should not be allowed to remain for old gentlemen.

In the smoking-room after dinner he settles down to yarn with a fellow-member about the events of the past few months, disregarding the "blitz" which is going on outside. It appears that in April 1940, Howard somehow got himself over to France and down to a favourite spot in the Jura in order to do a bit of fishing. There he finds himself landed with two small children, having promised to take them to England before the German advance, which had just begun, got any worse. Before he is very far on this journey he runs into difficulties and collects a little French girl and a Dutch boy. Transport by then is at sixes and sevens, and on the road to Montargis he and his brood are bombed and machine-gunned by the victorious *Luftwaffe*. In this "incident" he adds yet another child to his party, a French boy of five, white and dumb, whose parents lie dead by the side of the road. Before he gets to Chartres yet another waif joins the party, this time a half-starved and verminous Dutch boy.

With the Germans all around them they have somehow to make their way to Brittany and thence to Brest where, with the help of some local patriots, he hopes to get a boat which will take them to England. On this stage of the journey he is in territory already occupied by the Germans and because the children unwittingly give him away, he is arrested by the Gestapo and threatened with all sorts of dire penalties. Moreover, he adds to his band a little Polish-Jewish stray, full of fire and vengeance. The party is not complete, however, for the officer of the Gestapo has his own reasons for wishing to facilitate the escape of this old man and his motley assortment of children. Off he goes with them, and with the addition of a little German girl.

Such in brief outline is Mr. Nevil Shute's story of a modern Pied Piper, but no outline could get anywhere near describing the poignancy, reality and suspense of this remarkable piece of adventure.

An instance of the thoroughness with which German propaganda is conducted throughout the world is nowhere more manifest than in scientific circles. So well is this done that, even among British physicians, it is to-day a common practice to use German trade-names in place of the generic names of products, such as aspirin, luminal medinal, evipan, to name just a few. With the co-operation of the British Council, Imperial Chemical Industries have just issued the first number of a British scientific quarterly review named *Endeavour*, and its avowed object is to present a picture to the world of the vitality and resource of British science.

The main feature of the inaugural number, which is beautifully produced and plentifully illustrated, is an article by the Astronomer Royal, Sir H. Spencer Jones, who explains, for the first time, his achievements in measuring the distance of the sun, as a result of which, in his own words: "The final word has been said on this historic problem for many years to come, and the fundamental distance in astronomy has been measured with all the accuracy that is needed."

This issue also contains contributions by Sir William Bragg, Professor C. H. Waddington and Professor G. V. Jacks, among many others.

BIG BUSINESS and the PAPER-SALVAGE CAMPAIGN

WHAT ONE BUSINESS HOUSE IS DOING TO HELP THE NATIONAL EFFORT. Alive to the necessity of waste paper for the war effort, Rootes, Ltd., of Devonshire House, have just made their contribution to the Salvage Campaign. Here is part of the many tons of waste paper which the staff have collected in systematic manner. Their search covered the whole of the office building from top to bottom, and a big haul was the very gratifying result

IT CANNOT BE SAID TOO OFTEN—WASTE PAPER IS A MUNITION OF WAR!

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Yet another Old Boy of this Society has made the supreme sacrifice—one who had given every promise of going far. He was at the Twickenham Branch, had been attending Hampton Grammar School, passed the Civil Servants' Clerical Examination and also his Matriculation. He joined the R.A.F. at the beginning of the war, took up training with a view to becoming a pilot, but was eventually made an observer. He had been in many operational flights whilst in England, but alas! was shot down in the Middle East. The above shows what good opportunities the boys have who come under the Society's care. Funds are urgently needed. Please send a gift to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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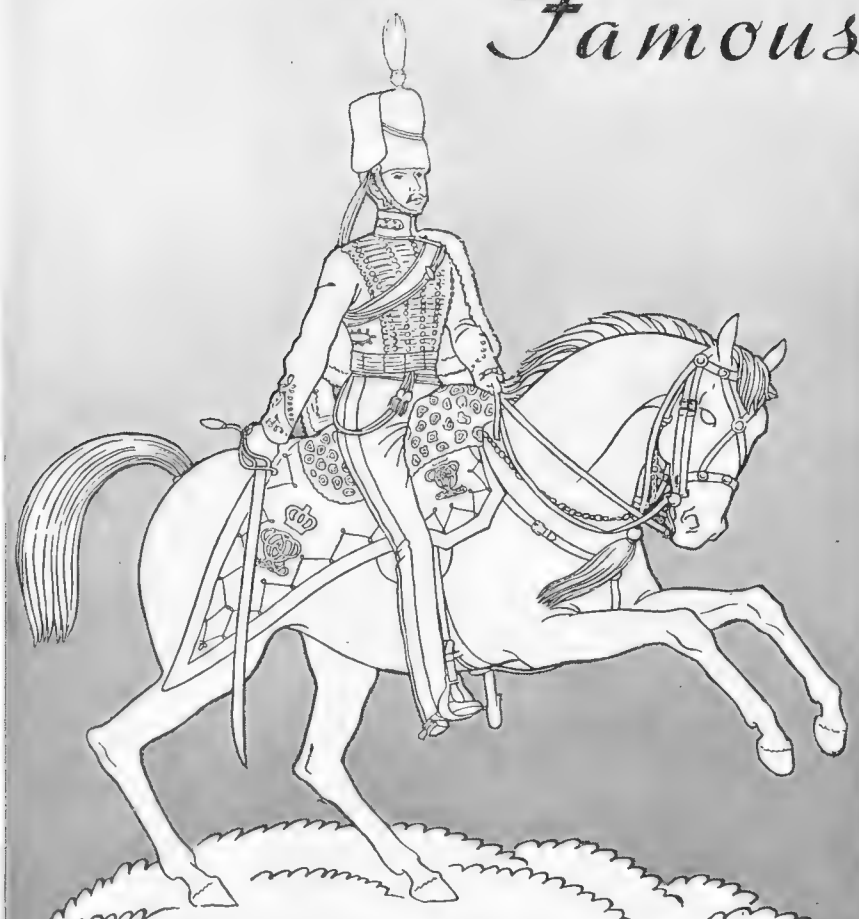
Famous QUEENS



The 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars

In 1689 independent troops of Horse were raised in Scotland and fought at Killiecrankie. These were afterwards formed into two regiments and subsequently united as the Queen's Own Regiment of Dragoons. It is one of the few Cavalry regiments of Scottish origin. The senior of the old Dragoon regiments, it became Light Dragoons in 1784 and was converted into Hussars in 1806.

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(Sgd.) T..... B.....

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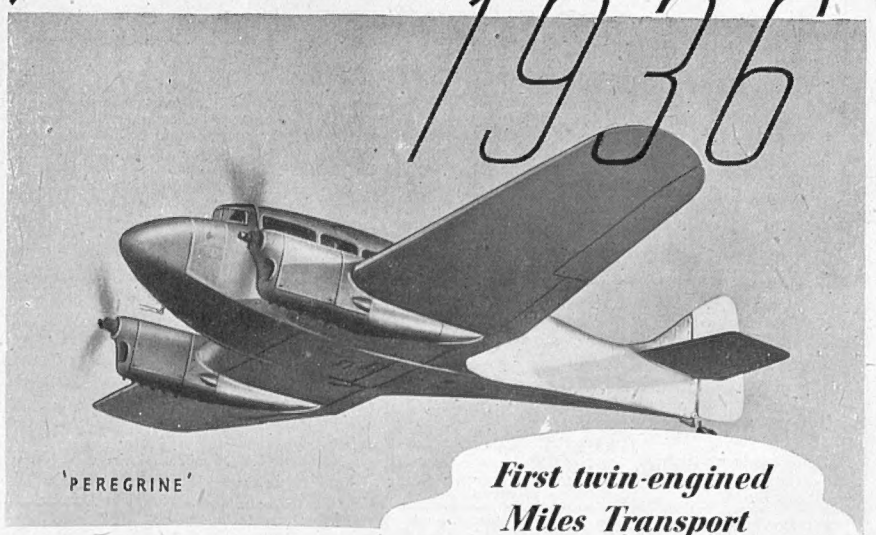
Milestones ... 1936

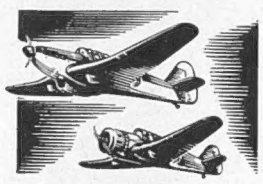


First twin-engined Miles Transport Aeroplane

FOLLOWING the record-breaking achievements in 1934-5 of Miles single-engined Aircraft, and while plans for Service trainers were taking shape, the designers set out to realise their next ambition of developing transport aircraft, of which the 1935 Merlin single-engine five-seater had been the first.

Their aim was a medium aeroplane capable of carrying a ton of disposable load, and the result—the Peregrine—first Miles aeroplane with two motors and retractable undercarriage, but in the proved Miles tradition of low-wing monoplane design. The Peregrine carries eight, including the pilot, and with two Gipsy VI engines, has a range of 550 miles, cruising at 160 m.p.h., with a top speed of 180 m.p.h. It was the growing reputation of Miles Aircraft for reliability and high performance that led the designers into the commercial field. They were keenly appreciative of the operator's problems and of the increasing air-mindedness of the World.

Other designs for transport planes of even more progressive character came from the drawing board, only to be shelved as the war clouds gathered and the demand increased for Miles Service Aircraft, among which is the now-famous Miles Master — fast advanced Monoplane Trainer for the Monoplane Pilots of the R.A.F.



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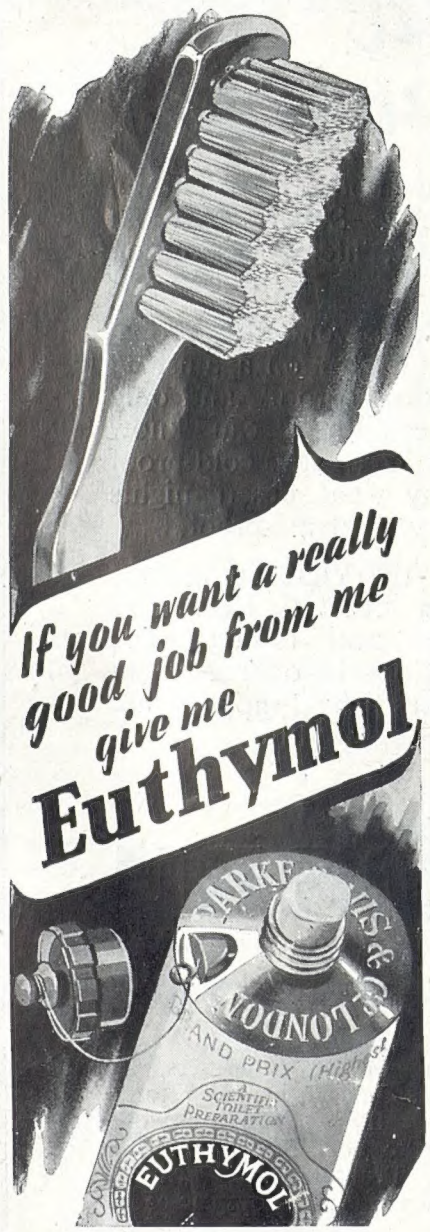

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